CE $1.50

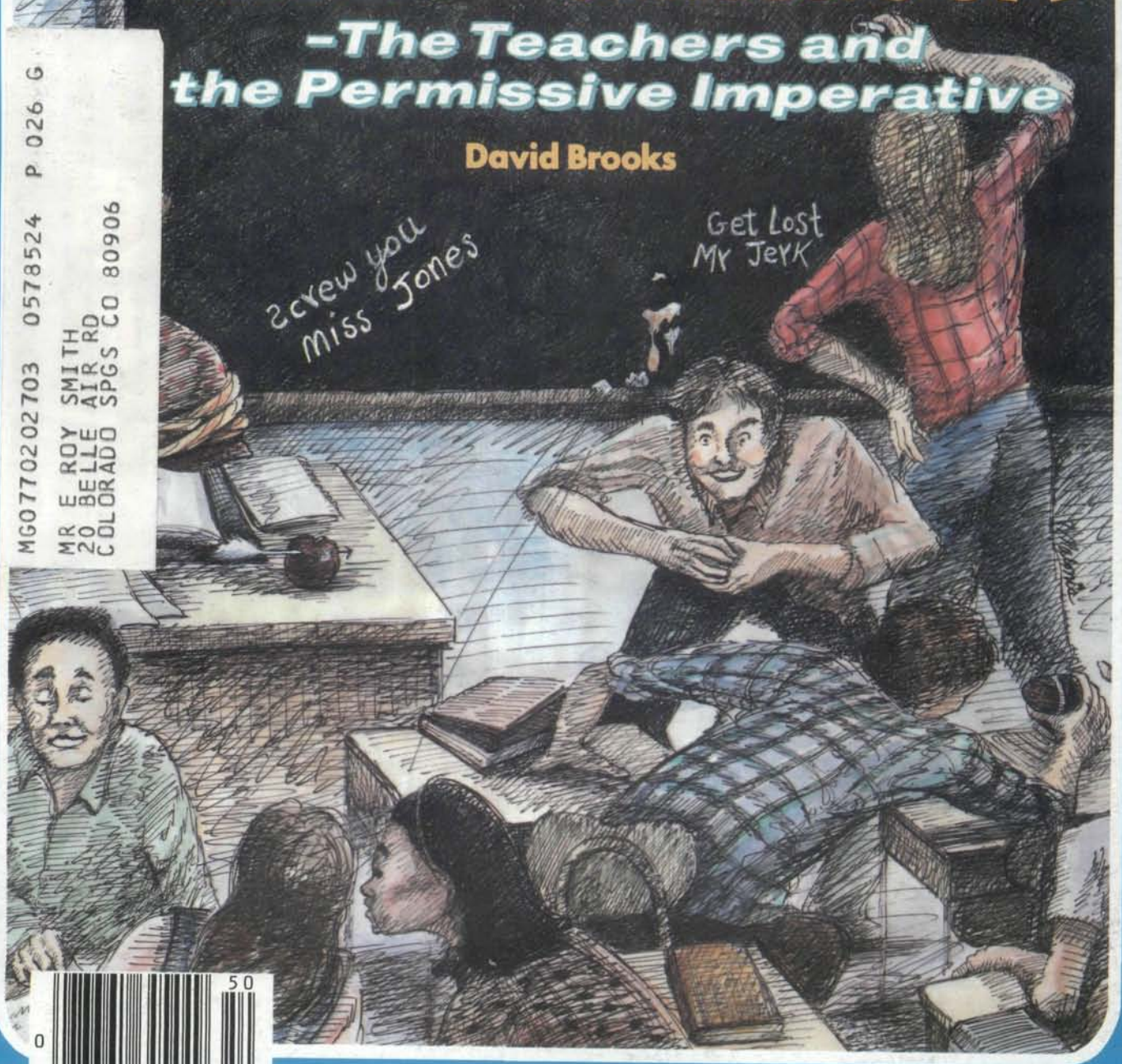
DECEMBER 13, 1985

Jm. F. Buckley Jr. on
BISHOP TUTU'S
ISORDERLY MIND
—See page 54

NATIONAL REVIEW

ORDER in the CLASSROOM
-The Teachers and the Permissive Imperative

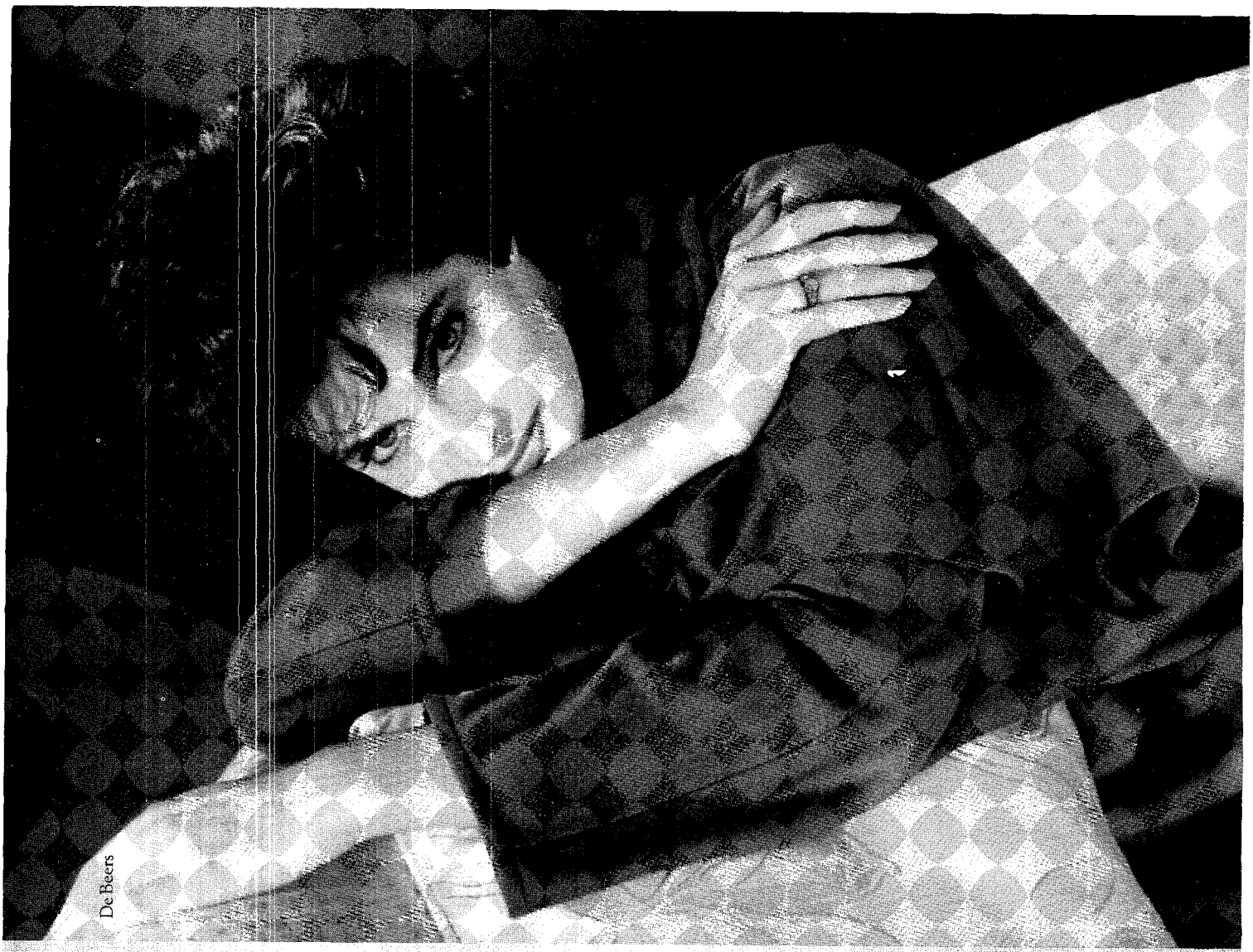
David Brooks



MG07702703 0578524 P 026 G
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

50
0 73361 64544

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GIVE HER A DIAMOND WITH A FIRE TO MAKE THE STARS BURN WITH ENVY.

Every quality diamond of a carat or more is one of nature's rarest and most exquisite phenomena. Each is a visible reflection of you. Unique in all the world, possessing four vital qualities that set it apart forever. They are called the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-weight. It is the 4© characteristics that determine the value of a diamond—and to an astonishing degree the beauty and value of your jewelry—no matter what the design.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

Give her a quality diamond of a carat or more. A truly rare and beautiful gift. Like the woman you love.

A diamond is forever.

The ring shown features a quality diamond of 2.04 carats.

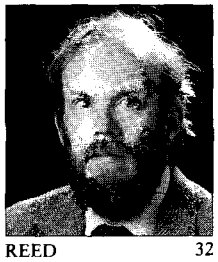
A QUALITY DIAMOND OF A CARAT OR MORE.
A FIRE RARELY SEEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DECEMBER 13, 1985
VOL. XXXVII, NO. 24

NATIONAL REVIEW

BROOKS 24


REED 32

LEWIS 36

BEICHMAN 45

THE COVER

24 Forget the Fire, Just Keep Teaching
Disorder and even violence in the classroom are the educational problems that most concern American parents and the biggest factors in driving good teachers out of the profession. The education establishment wants to bury the evidence. *David Brooks*

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

20 Tax Reform: Brain-Dead
Chairman Rostenkowski's bill would make the tax code more complicated and taxes more burdensome. *John McLaughlin*

22 Of Linkage and All That
Henry Kissinger still thinks the Soviets blundered into Afghanistan. The President has a keener view of Soviet purposes.
Brian Crozier

32 Why the Media's Military Coverage Misses the Mark
The reportage, particularly of technology, is even worse than most people suppose, not because reporters are Commies but because they don't respect their subject enough to learn it. *Fred Reed*

36 Is Colombia Next?
Colombia may be the next Latin nation targeted for revolution, especially because it has something the Sandinistas want.
Marlo Lewis Jr.

40 Holidays and Holiness
A free society must pursue holiness, but can do so only along a path made for sinners.
Michael Novak

41 Autumn Scandals
Everyone knows the Russians are poor. The news is that things are getting worse.
Michael A. Scully

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

42 J. Anthony Lukas's sentimental account of the Boston school crisis fails to convey the cruelty of a real-life passion play staged for the amusement of liberals who live elsewhere: **Thomas P. McDonnell** on *Common Ground*. . . . **Wayne Lutton** finds Jacqueline Kasun's attack on the Malthusians overly optimistic. . . . **Arnold Beichman** claims John P. Roche has found the true model of Communist organizational theory: the Mafia. . . . Miss Manners has had it with a) Mr. Jefferson, b) Mr. Rousseau, and c) nature. She wants to go back to art: **Joseph Sobran** on *Common Courtesy*. . . . **John Simon** wanted to like *Eleni* but found it hammy; *Macaroni*'s plot is starchy and its humor as flat as a pizza. . . . **Nika Hazelton** remembers a trip to Russia like no other. . . . **D. Keith Mano** says Physicians for Social Responsibility is just what Americans deserve for years of ring kissing.

4 LETTERS
9 FOR THE RECORD
10 THE WEEK
30 help
38 FROM THE CONTINENT
50 THE RIGHT BOOKS
54 ON THE RIGHT
58 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor Hartman
Cover art by Tina Malonis

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1985. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden
Consultant to the Editor

Editors
Richard Brookhiser / James Burnham
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Richard Vigilante *(Articles)*
John McLaughlin *(Washington)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts & Manners)

Associate Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
Werner J. Dannhauser / W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton / D. Keith Mano
Michael Novak / Walter Olson
William F. Rickenbacker / John Simon
Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Catherine M. Shea
Jane Buckley Smith / Stephen C. Weeks
Ione Whitlock

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Colleen Lawlor Hartman *Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
Dorothy B. Humanitzki *Copy Editor*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
Sylvia Wolinsky

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
John Chamberlain / Mona Charen
Dinesh D'Souza / M. Stanton Evans
Mary Gauerke / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Donald Hall
Malcolm Hancock / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Nicholas King
Jan Lukas / Kevin Lynch
Forrest McDonald / Charles Burton Marshall
Thomas Molnar / Gerhart Niemeyer
Grover Rees III / Joseph A. Rehyansky
Alan Reynolds / Selden Rodman
Francis Russell / Michael A. Scully
Terry Teachout / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

LETTERS

Veni, Vidi, Veto

M. Stanton Evans is to be commended for pointing out that the massive deficits are caused by uncontrolled social spending, not, as liberals would like us to believe, by tax cuts and defense spending ["How Jimmy Carter Won the Battle of the Budget," Nov. 29]. Although Ronald Reagan is the only politician with both the understanding and the will power to reverse the trend of profligate spending, without either a balanced-budget amendment or a line-item veto, Jimmy Carter's legacy prevails.

George Lowell
Tehachapi, Calif.

The Finality of Evil

Under the heading "The Cardinal and the Jews" ["The Week," Nov. 15], your critique of "some Jews' obsession with the Holocaust" misses the point.

Christians and Muslims may question the assertion, to which Cardinal O'Connor objects, "that no suffering in the entire world in all history can in any way be comparable to the Holocaust." The universal evil of the Holocaust, however, is not so much the suffering of the Jews as the elevation of group hatred to a sophisticated modern ideology. Whether the target is a faith group, an ethnic nation, or a social class, the threat is the transformation of hatred by a totalitarian mentality into a secular religion.

As a former prisoner in the Gulag Archipelago forty years ago and as a lifelong student of group hatred and genocide, I would like to warn against trivializing the Holocaust by ignoring its warning to all generations of mankind. We are all vulnerable to the diabolical war of the arrogant against God.

To focus on the evils in society, both past and present, is not to deny hope for the future. Perhaps the greatest miracle in human life is the growth of hope out of despair.

Robert D. Crane
Coordinator
Commission for Dialogue
Interfaith Conference of Metropolitan Washington
Washington, D.C.

Nuclear Winter's Tale

I was somewhat surprised that Brad Sparks's good piece on "The Scandal of Nuclear Winter" [Nov. 15] depicted Professor Vladimir Aleksandrov as some kind of Soviet scientific oppositionist. My column on the defection of Vitaly Yurchenko—which had worldwide journalistic repercussions, although such august publications as the *New York Times* and *Time* magazine failed to give me credit—linked Aleksandrov with the Yurchenko defection. A subsequent column by me, thoroughly ignored by a national media determined not to cause Mikhail Gorbachev any annoyance, noted the following:

Vladimir Aleksandrov, a leading Soviet nuclear physicist who doubled in brass as a KGB disinformation specialist, fathered the "nuclear winter" hoax. He "disappeared" in Spain and is now happily in the hands of CIA. He was not on his way to a meeting "to protest Soviet nuclear policy" but presumably on his way to a "nuclear conference" in Sicily, which was to be attended by a Soviet delegation that included the son of Andrei Gromyko. As a result of Aleksandrov's defection—and that of Yurchenko—the Soviet delegation was not allowed to leave Moscow.

The importance of Aleksandrov's defection is that he knows much of value to the West on Soviet military achievements and capabilities in the nuclear field, as well as on the KGB's scientific disinformation apparatus.

The Aleksandrov defection, I would think, must have come as a shock to that peerless TV personality, Dr. Carl Sagan.

Ralph de Toledano
Washington, D.C.

Bilk of Amnesia

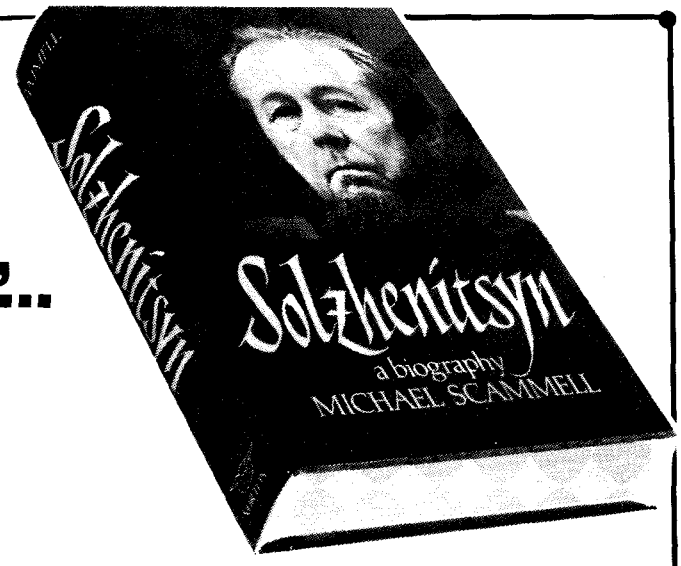
Concerning William Tucker's "True Confessions: The Long Road Back from Miranda" [Oct. 18]: One must assume that once a felon has been convicted, there is *prima facie* evidence that he was, at least once, properly arrested. If he was properly arrested, he must have been made aware of his rights. If he was made aware of his rights at that time, should he not still be aware of his rights? If he is aware of his rights, why should a subsequent arrest, in which his rights were not re-recited to him, be defective?

A person should not be able to use the excuse that he didn't know his rights if it can be proven that he has previous-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New life of Solzhenitsyn:

"huge"... "enthralling"... and yours FREE



$29.95 in stores — free when you join the Conservative Book Club

The raves pour in — even from sources sometimes critical of Solzhenitsyn

"Huge ... absorbing ... valuable."—*Wall St. Journal*

"Enthralling ... the scholarly sifting and disentangling only adds to the fascination."—*NY Times*

"By far the most comprehensive and authoritative biography ... clear and gracefully written."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

"Richly detailed, shrewd, balanced and absorbing book tells the whole improbable story ... superbly."—*Boston Globe*

Massive: 1,051 pages PLUS 16 pages of photographs (many from Solzhenitsyn's own collection) ☐ Endpaper map: "Solzhenitsyn's Russia" ☐ Comprehensive subject and proper-name index of over 2,000 entries ☐ Notes ☐ 4-part bibliography

Solzhenitsyn close-up — and also a panorama of life in the Empire of Evil

- The formation of a young Communist. Four authors Solzhenitsyn worshipped. Why dialectical materialism "enthralled" him. How he explained away all of Stalin's atrocities. How he came to change his views.
- Eight years in hell: the ordeal of the Gulag.
- Solzhenitsyn on Kissinger ... democracy ... the pre-Reagan Voice of America ... Chile ... traveling America by car ... the docility of Western journalists in Moscow ... the "gunpoint repatriation" of Russians after World War II ... "pseudo-detente" ... and much more.
- The kind of Western protest the Kremlin **does** fear.
- Inside the Soviet dissident movement, from the beginning. What sets Solzhenitsyn apart from the rest, and what he doesn't like about most of them.
- Precious passages from his correspondence, before and after exile ... from his travel diary.
- Stalin to the troops invading Germany: "Everything is allowed." Solzhenitsyn describes the drunken rampage.
- How the KGB uses Western media to harass Solzhenitsyn. KGB plots (with some success) to infiltrate his circle of friends.
- His peculiar dress and eating habits. His favorite radio programs.
- Exhilarating accounts of Gulag uprisings — and they're not just hunger strikes.
- Relationships with Sakharov, an ex-general, other key dissidents. How they manage to keep in touch.
- Solzhenitsyn upsets the liberals. Scammell pinpoints the times, places, words.

How to get this $29.95 giant FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-95% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 OAKLAND AVENUE • HARRISON, NY 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send FREE my copy of the $29.95 life of *Solzhenitsyn* by Michael Scammell. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-86

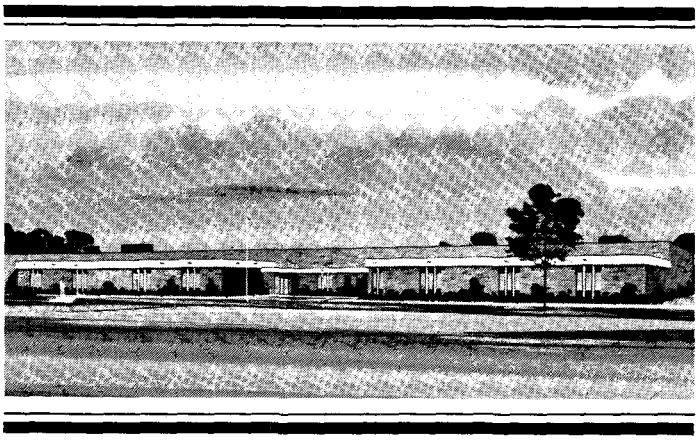
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

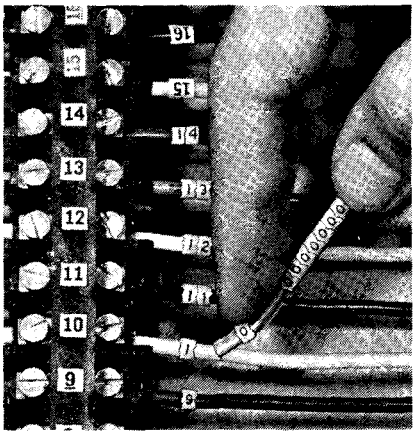
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom to grow, Brady style



Despite the erosion of our dollar overseas and a wide range of economic problems at home, we at Brady take the long view with cautious optimism. Our growing international operations now include Australia, Belgium, Canada, England, France, Sweden and West Germany. Here at home, we have recently completed a new manufacturing plant at Merrimack, New Hampshire. Construction of our new technical center in Milwaukee (above) is under way.

These marketing, manufacturing and research activities go hand in hand with growing product lines in all of our divisions. The demands of our customers and our own research create new Brady products designed to help make information clearer, work safer, products more attractive, work more productive.



Brady clip-sleeve wire markers can be applied to wires and cables before or after termination for permanent identification of electrical circuits. Just one of many innovative Brady products for industry. Our informative new corporate brochure will tell you more about Brady and its products. Perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company. Write for a copy today.

WBC-10

BRADY

™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

ly been properly and legally informed of them. To the best of my knowledge, forgetfulness is not an acceptable excuse for criminal behavior.

Should it really be necessary, even in the eyes of the Supreme Court, to inform a suspect of his rights every time he is arrested? Shouldn't *Miranda* be a problem only with first-timers?

Darwin R. Crum
Schaumburg, Ill.

Nobel Gesture

Sure, there is something rotten in the state of Sweden, but not in regard to the Nobel Peace Prize ["The Week," Nov. 15]. Alfred Nobel's prizes are awarded by nonpolitical Swedish academics, except for the Peace Prize, which is awarded by a Norwegian parliamentary committee and thus becomes a political award.

In 1901, when the Nobel Prizes were established, Sweden and Norway constituted a double monarchy. But the Norwegians were pushing for independence, which they got four years later, and Nobel's decision to let Norway award the Peace Prize was thus in itself a peace gesture.

Bo W. Thott
Cutler, Me.

Vincible Ignorance

I am reassured to know that many of our bishops are not vicious, merely ignorant—as are most of us outside our areas of expertise ["Guest Editorial," Oct. 18]. Although their mischief might have serious repercussions, however, their ignorance is vincible. Perhaps we could establish a fund to pay for *NR* subscriptions for all U.S. bishops.

John Reddick
Denver, Colo.

Good-Neighbor Fallacy

John McLaughlin's "Immigration Reform" [Oct. 18] exhibits a Pollyanna view of reality. Laws that go against the prevailing social forces, especially economic forces, are like spitting into the wind. Yes, if implemented, the new bill will slow Mexican immigration somewhat. But it will only be slowed. Things are so bad in Mexico, and getting worse every day, that any Mexican with good sense, a few pesos, and no job is making his way toward the border.

What we need now is not another dysfunctional immigration law, but a good dose of truth from our political leaders. For too long we've tried to be a good neighbor by refraining from telling the truth. It's about time for our leaders to tell Mexico that the reason it is so bad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly off is that its leaders refuse to let its people work hard and receive the just rewards for their labors.

Stephen Larson
Pastor
Beverly Orthodox Presbyterian Church
East Los Angeles, Calif.

Bureaucrazies

Your editorial on the outrages of the Legal Services Corporation ["The Week," Nov. 1] was very much on target. All bureaucracies tend to put their own interests above those of the public, of course, but the LSC is apparently unique in its anti-capitalist political agenda.

There is an incredibly long list of incomprehensible grants from the LSC (grantees in at least three states have sued to force state governments to use tax funds for sex-change operations) and innumerable examples of outright political organizing funded with taxpayers' dollars. As Thomas Jefferson put it, "To compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves and abhors is sinful and tyrannical . . ."

Edward H. Crane
President
Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

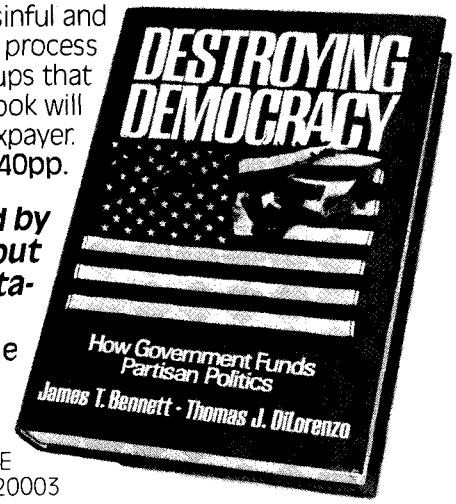
Life Sentience

So far I saw no reason to reply to the letters you published about "Abortion: A Civilized Exchange" [Sept. 6], since no new arguments surfaced. However, Dr. James Neely ["Letters," Oct. 18] quotes Webster as defining sentience as "finely sensitive in perception or feeling" and "responsive to or conscious of sense impressions." He infers that the fetus is sentient *ab initio*, as are amoebae and sperm since they move toward, or away from, certain objects. But particles of iron attracted by a magnet, or flowers turning toward light, move as well. Movement could not be equated with consciousness, even if Neely's definition of sentience were accepted. Oddly, my Webster (11th Edition) does not have the definitions quoted by Dr. Neely (did someone steal them?) but defines sentient as "capable of sensation and at least rudimentary consciousness." This is consistent with my use. Clearly Dr. Neely has confused the responsiveness of matter, inorganic or organic, with the ability to feel pain to which I referred. It requires at least elements of a brain, lacking permanently in flowers and amoebae, and in the fetus for the first 12 weeks.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

"...a devastating, appalling account of how Washington uses your tax dollars!"
—Senator Orrin G. Hatch

Every year the federal government gives hundreds of millions of taxpayer dollars to political groups and lobbies. Economists Bennett and DiLorenzo have tracked down where the money comes from, where it goes, and how it is used. Taxpayers are forced to contribute money to political causes they disagree with—something Thomas Jefferson called "sinful and tyrannical"—and the political process is stacked in favor of those groups that get government dollars. This book will be explosive reading for every taxpayer.
$24.95 cloth/$11.95 paper, c.540pp.



"This book should be read by all who are concerned about the future of representative democracy."
—Senator Dan Quayle

CATO INSTITUTE
Cato Institute
Dept. NA
224 Second St., SE
Washington, DC 20003

Which of these languages would you like to speak?

Mark the one you want to speak in 2 or 3 months' time

☐ Afrikaans	☐ Greek (Modern)	☐ Malay
☐ American English	☐ Hebrew (Modern)	☐ Norwegian
☐ Arabic (Modern)	☐ Hindi	☐ Polish
☐ Chinese (Mandarin)	☐ Icelandic	☐ Portuguese
☐ Danish	☐ Indonesian	☐ Russian
☐ Dutch	☐ Irish	☐ Spanish
☐ Finnish	☐ Italian	☐ Swedish
☐ French	☐ Japanese	☐ Thai
☐ German	☐ Korean	☐ Welsh

A Linguaphone Course makes you feel at home in almost any country. You'll never miss the meaning of conversations or be at a loss for words.

- It must work—over 4 million Linguaphone students in 88 countries speak a second language FLUENTLY
- Proven learning success. You LISTEN to real conversations on cassettes. UNDERSTAND what you hear by following illustrated textbooks. HOLD CONVERSATIONS with the speakers.
- **You start speaking the very first lesson.**
- You learn at your own convenience.
- You develop an authentic accent.
- A tax deductible asset for your business.
- **SAVE MONEY! Comprehensive course—basic and** intermediate instruction. ALL IN ONE COURSE.
- Course includes 30 lessons on cassettes...three textbooks...elegant carrying case.
- Order your Linguaphone course Today. Talk the language...feel at home in far away places.
- **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE:** The Linguaphone Course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for 2 months, if you're *not satisfied, return it for a full refund.* There's no risk and no obligation, so order today!

Linguaphone The Language Masters

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 28 DAY FREE TRIAL

Linguaphone Dept. 849 313 Nolana, McAllen, Texas 78504

FREE INFORMATION: Please mail me FREE information about speaking the languages I have checked.

Name (please print) _____

Street _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEST RESULTS.

After handshakes and promises, this is the ultimate test of a bank:

Its ability to cut a deal.

At Canadian Imperial Bank Group, we push ourselves to get the right deal approved. At the right time.

The simple fact is, it takes fewer people to approve a loan at our bank than at many large banks. So you get a response a lot sooner.

We've been getting results like this for our U.S. customers, big and small, for 100 years.

It's made Canadian Imperial Bank one of the 10 largest banks in North America.

We're not promising that every customer who tests our response will get everything they ask for. No bank can honestly promise that. But we will say this:

Our people, products and pricing consistently bring us repeat business from our corporate credit customers.

And for our money, that's an approval stamp from the best source there is.

© 1985 Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce

PUT US TO THE TEST.

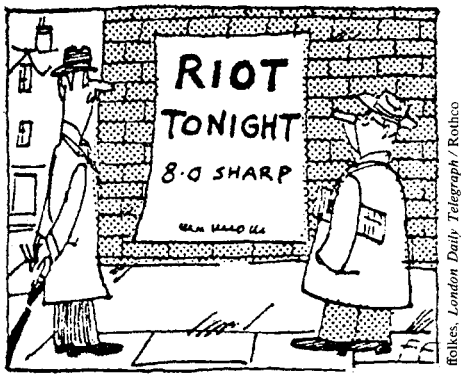
Canadian Imperial Bank Group

CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE • CALIFORNIA CANADIAN BANK • CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE TRUST COMPANY • CIBC LIMITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

Ronald Reagan arrived in Geneva with heartening news from the pollsters. His mid-November approval rating was up to 65 per cent (*New York Times*/CBS News), 67 per cent (*Washington Post*/ABC News), higher than at any time since spring of 1981 (following assassination attempt). . . . A poll taken by **Penn & Schoen** for Committee on the Present Danger found 78 per cent of Americans want to go ahead on SDI research; 73 per cent think system should be deployed if it works. I.e., the President has won Space Shield argument here at home. . . . Also of interest (from *NYT*/CBS poll): Does nuclear-weapons stockpile keep U.S. and Soviet Union out of war? Yes: 54 per cent. Does it mean they will destroy each other? Yes: only 38 per cent. . . . The freeze/disarmament crowd had a ball: Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign and SANE collected a million signatures (they said) on petitions asking for permanent ban on nuclear-weapons testing; the Union of Concerned Scientists (*les savants préoccupés*, in French) spent $60,000 on sleek TV spots telling President Reagan (but not **Mikhail Gorbachev**): "Don't blow it." . . . And **Joanne Woodward** was all over the radio urging sanity, sanity, sanity, paid for by [Mad]Women for a Meaningful Summit. . . . Russia prepared for Summit by telling **Yelena Bonner** she could see a good doctor, and by informing ten men and women married to Americans that they will be permitted to join their spouses. (One couple waited 11 years for that news.) . . . But nothing for the Jewish community because, as Gorbachev told French TV this fall: "I would be glad to hear of Jews enjoying anywhere such political and other rights as they have in our country." . . . Among U.S. journalists, **George Will** and **James Jackson Kilpatrick** kept their cool. Commented Will: "There is never a shortage of Westerners eager to assure the West that Soviet leaders do not mean the menacing things they say,



ffolkes, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

that what they really mean is . . ." Said Kilpo: "Reagan will be facing a Soviet leader who has so far made no move to ease repression at home or reliance on force abroad." . . . Going the rounds in Geneva, that **Raisa Gorbachev** asked to visit a "poor Swiss farm" to show her sympathy for poor people—but they couldn't find her one, not even a reverse **Potemkin** village.

Neatest trick of the week: Back in Moscow multi-defector **Vitaly Yurchenko** held press conference at which he declared he had never been associated with KGB (makes one wonder why CIA would bother to kidnap, drug, and torture him). . . . In Washington, incidentally, *Washington Times* reporters were barred from Yurchenko press conference at Soviet embassy. . . . In Managua, according to State Department spokesman **Charles Redman**, Nicaraguan employees of U.S. Embassy are being systematically harassed by secret police. . . . Nicaragua may be the first Central American country to break diplomatic relations with Taiwan following visit to region by Chinese Prime Minister **Zhao Ziyang**. . . . The abandoned followers of **Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh**, back in the Oregon commune, will try to make ends meet by selling the guru's 93 Rolls-Royces.

In political world: Former Connecticut Rep. **Toby Moffett** has entered lists against Democratic Gov. **William O'Neill**, but O'Neill, with a bouncing budget surplus, has 69 per cent favorable rating. . . . Brooklyn DA **Elizabeth Holtzman** has taken herself out of race against **Alfonse D'Amato** (he's too well financed, she says), and there's little enthusiam among New York Democratic pols for **Geraldine Ferraro**. Says Congressman **Charles Rangel**: "I just don't see the groundswell out there for her. She's a dear friend, but it ain't there for her." . . . In Illinois, Atty. Gen. **Neil Hartigan** won't run against Republican Gov. **James Thompson** (private polls found he'd do poorly), leaving field to **Adlai Stevenson III**. . . . **Kevin Phillips** sees centrist wins in Virginia, New Jersey gubernatorial races as move against "single-issue politics both on Republican Right and Democratic Left." . . . Virginia's new black Lt. Gov. **Douglas Wilder** campaigned as moderate, refusing twice to have **Jesse Jackson** appear on platform with him.

Conservative Doings: **John Barron** has received award from British publisher Sir **James Goldsmith** for best "investigative journalism into subversion of the media," for his writings on the KGB. He'll divide a $70,000 purse with Cypriot reporter **Paul Anastasiades**. . . . **Roy Godson** is bringing out a new quarterly, *Disinformation: Soviet Active Measures and Disinformation Forecast* (for info write: *Disinformation*, 1815 H St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006). . . . The new *Conservative Digest* (publisher, **William R. Kennedy Jr.**; editor, **Scott Stanley Jr.**) is now out, a spitting image of *Reader's Digest*. . . . National Journalism Center's mini-session will be held over Christmas break (Dec. 15 to Jan 24). NJC provides training in writing, editing, and research plus work with media outlets in Washington area. To apply, contact: **M. Stanton Evans**, **Tom Davis**, or **Mal Kline**, 517 2nd St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. Application deadline: Dec. 6.

Don't worry if you're notified that the Feds are checking your tax returns. The IRS has announced it is making its employees take a course in "sensitivity training" to help them deal with taxpayers. (And we're paying for that, too.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

☐ The lesson of Geneva is that Gorbachev can't change his spot.

☐ The American Catholic bishops, gathered in Washington, did their standard number on the economy and nuclear war. For good measure, they watered down their opposition to abortion by collectively donning Cardinal Bernardin's "seamless garment"—the "Cuomo cloak," as one wag has called it. The idea is to get away from "single-issue politics" by linking opposition to abortion with support for the Great Society. This means that a politician who supports legal abortion and the welfare state is no worse than one who's against both. If only Hitler had had a poverty program, he might have escaped the censure of all those who are not obsessed with single issues.

☐ The latest defector to stagger the State Department is Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, who has harumphed back to India. At a press conference in New Delhi the goatish guru called his four years in America "hell," described Americans as "subhuman," and added, "The Soviet Union is far better than the United States." To the desolation of his five thousand followers here, he also threatened never to return to these shores. A tip of the hat to the CIA for not drugging and torturing him to change his mind.

☐ This week's sick joke was submitted by Yasir Arafat, who reaffirmed his 1974 renunciation of terrorism.

☐ Why do the costs of nuclear power plants so often go through the roof? Rael Jean Isaac examines a major cause in the November issue of *The American Spectator*: the Government Accountability Project. GAP began as an Institute for Policy Studies project to trash the national-security agencies, but in 1980 it turned its attention to nuclear power. GAP's modus operandi is to raise a blizzard of frivolous objections to a plant under construction; hope that a few, chiefly relating to undone paperwork, have some substance; stretch out the timetable; and watch the costs mount. (The final act of chutzpah is to accuse nuclear power of jacking up utility rates.) Its stolid partner in crime is the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, whose rules encourage such Mickey Mouse conduct. "Allegations against a plant," writes Mrs. Isaac, "can be brought forward in any form or forum . . . , at any time, by anyone. There is no cutoff point, which permits GAP to store up its allegations—and, in the case of California's Diablo Canyon [plant], to unload thousands of them on the unfortunate NRC commissioners at one time." France, Mrs. Isaac notes, sharply restricts public participation in its nuclear regulatory process, and Canada forbids it altogether. Frenchmen and Canadians do not glow noticeably. They'll also never have a power crunch.

☐ An eccentric little squall has blown up over whether Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has committed "anti-Semitism" in an expanded version of his novel *August 1914*, in which a Jewish character assassinates a Russian leader. The valuable Professor Richard Pipes of Harvard, an expert on Russia, has been quirkily pumping the anti-Semitic pedal. Relax, Pipes. Solzhenitsyn said it, as usual, better than anyone else: "I tell you assuredly: Not only is there no—nor could there be—'anti-Semitism' in my work, nor for that matter in any book worthy of being called *literature*. To approach a literary work with the measuring stick of 'anti-Semitism' is vulgar, an underdeveloped understanding of the nature of a literary work. By this measuring stick Shakespeare could be proclaimed 'anti-Semite,' and his creative work struck out." Virtually no one familiar with Solzhenitsyn's work agrees with Professor Pipes. We all get a bit excited sometimes.

☐ Gary Kasparov, perhaps the most interesting chess player since the retirement of Bobby Fischer, won his second match against Anatoly Karpov, to become the new chess champion of the world. It was more than a sporting victory. Kasparov enjoys the image of being some kind of a dissident, which is true in only the most relative sense: He is a member of the Communist Party, and he announced at his victory press conference that he would do "whatever I can . . . for my country"—a degree of fealty, one would think, that would satisfy normal tyrannies. Not the Soviet Union. Karpov, the former champion, shilled for "peace" campaigns and dedicated victories to Leonid Brezhnev. Karpov is also a "racially pure" Russian (Kasparov had an Armenian mother and a Jewish father). Accordingly, when the challenger was on the point of prevailing in his first encounter with Kar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pov nine months ago, the international chess establishment (which is, substantially, the Soviet chess establishment) ended the contest and scheduled a rematch. Which Kasparov was allowed to win, the Soviets having apparently decided that two rigged contests in a row was too much, even for them. Ideally chess is the most intellectual of sports, the free play of two minds. But, just as with the Olympics, everything the Soviets touch becomes corrupted.

☐ The Soviet news agency TASS—"Soviet media" as the American press likes to put it—has been condemning U.S. human-rights violations, listing such offenses as the assault by Philadelphia police on MOVE headquarters and the American Government's refusal to free a number of convicted murderers who happen to be members of minority groups. If that's what the Soviets mean by human rights, it's no wonder they don't allow any over there.

☐ In the Soviet Union, life is hard and then you die. In Poland, life is hard and then you go to heaven.

☐ At the request of "hundreds of readers," *L'Unità*, the official Communist Party newspaper in Italy, has begun publishing stock-market quotations.

☐ The coroner of Hobart, Indiana, expresses doubt that a man who died of 32 hammer blows was a "suicide," as local police concluded "after a thorough investigation."

☐ With apparently nothing better to do, Congress has been debating Daylight Saving Time. A newspaper account states the issue thus—we quote carefully: "Under daylight saving, the sun rises an hour later than on standard time." A momentous matter, indeed. Have our representatives stopped to consider that on Daylight Saving Time, the sun will have to stop an extra hour on the other side of the earth and shine on Russia? Probably. The House voted to expand DST by four weeks per year, giving more than a day of our sunshine to the Commies. However, the bill may be blocked by farm-state senators whose constituents do not like plowing in the dark.

☐ An ad for *Stop Me before I Write More*, by Scott Gardner, in the October 28 issue of *The New Republic* reads: "While most conservatives cynically pretend to be concerned about the major problems of humanity, Scott Gardner, in true liberal tradition, has gone ahead and solved them . . . without sacrificing social reform." An ad for the same book in the October 18 NATIONAL REVIEW read: "While most liberals are content to just talk about the world's major problems, Scott Gardner has gone ahead and solved them, in the true conservative tradition . . . without increasing taxes." We're confident that Mr. Gardner is really on *our* side, and has put one over on those gullible liberals.

☐ Mikhail Gorbachev's new book, *A Time for Peace*, is the talk of New York publishing circles. "Socko," said a young editor, dining at Elaine's. "The book of the year," said his fair companion. A joint selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild, *A Time for Peace* has startled critics with its stylistic inventiveness, though showing the influence of Joyce and Pound. "This fills the gap in literature left by the death of Brezhnev," commented critic Hugh Kenner. "Nobel time," said Solzhenitsyn.

Colombia: Reflections on Suffering

TWENTY THOUSAND dead in the mud slide in Colombia. Pompeii, the Lisbon earthquake, the crash of a 747 or a DC-10. Seemingly senseless carnage. If the hairs of thy head are numbered, and not a sparrow falls beyond the circumference of divine awareness, well, we have a problem here.

Job asked the pertinent question: Why? He received for an answer evidence of God's infinite power. In *Paradise Lost*, Milton attributed the suffering in human history to an original "fall" or fundamental perversion of the will. In his *Essay on Man*, Alexander Pope addressed himself to human existence as a "mighty maze, but not without a plan," and found the key to the maze in a perception of "the amazing whole" of existence itself, concluding that "whatever is, is right"—including, by inference, his own hideous hunchback. Handel understood. When he set Pope's lines to music the words "whatever is" were carried in a long, meandering, melancholy wail. The words "is right" he set as peremptory, an ultimate metaphysical yes to existence.

The great poets have understood the incommensurateness of human suffering, its mysterious quality. Does old Lear, foolishly dividing his kingdom, really deserve all *that*? Not in any reasonable sense. Does

On Being Thankful

I don't have cavities or flu
Or suffer from the foggy dew,
Though that's a torture I'd endure;
I'm pretty healthy, if "mature,"
And swing from overjoyed to glad
When Ms. Ferraro's polls look bad.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the infant in the medieval *Pearl* poem, dying without sin, really deserve to be the Queen of Heaven? Not in any reasonable sense.

Suffering, like the fact of existence itself, remains a profound mystery. What God said in effect to Job was that if Job could explain existence—why there is something rather than nothing—then he could explain suffering. In his *Four Quartets*, T. S. Eliot understands suffering as purgative. It clears the ego away, opens the consciousness to the divine: "the fire and the rose are one." It is only at the end of his immense journey, beyond time now, that Dante sees the coherence of all things. He expresses it in terms of a metaphor. Fully grasped, human existence is like a perfect book: "I saw ingathered, bound by love, the scattered leaves of all the universe." But we, inside the time-space continuum, necessarily live, at least most of the time, in a metaphysical twilight, illuminated, it may be, by flashes of faith.

Mid-Summit Notes

WE GO TO press with the Geneva Summit still in progress, our skeptical and anxious hearts sustained by the thought that it is Ronald Reagan, not Jimmy Carter, who represents the nation there, and that the proceedings, when you read this, will not have ended with a smooch.

The trouble is that Summits by their nature require shrewd men to utter Carteresque words, and so we find the President quoted as saying, "I believe we both do share the same goals." It is, of course, no great diplomatic achievement to get the Soviets to make agreements. Getting them to keep them is another matter. From the UN Charter and Yalta to SALT I and Helsinki, the record is hardly broken, and for good reason: The observance of human rights and the renunciation of aggression would mean a total transformation of the Soviet system.

By now the world is catching on to this, so the pre-Geneva hoopla nearly crashed under its own weight even before the principals met. It was absurd to suppose that good personal relations between the heads of two systems so different in structure and moral quality could alter their profound antagonism, no matter how telegenic the actors or how chic their wives.

Mrs. Gorbachev, in fact, is said to teach Marxism-Leninism at Moscow U, and a Western diplomat comments dourly, "When Gorbachev talks about the United States, he sounds like a *Pravda* editorial." Their pillow talk must be something to hear.

If the Geneva talks turn out to be innocuous, which is all we ask of these affairs, much of the credit must go to Caspar Weinberger, who has been detailing Soviet arms-control violations with furious diligence, and who wrote that (subsequently leaked) letter to Mr. Reagan urging him for Pete's sake not to agree to abide by the unratified SALT II treaty or to interpret the 1972 ABM treaty in a "restrictive" sense, i.e., one that would crimp the development of the Strategic Defense Initiative. (See also "Letter from Washington," p. 13.)

The mind-boggling aspect of the Weinberger episode is that another Administration official, presumably—no, we won't say who—accused Weinberger of trying to "sabotage" the Summit. If this official thinks looking out for basic American interests is sabotage, then he has a funny angle on American interests. One wonders what he is doing in or near the Reagan White House.

The only spot of pre-Summit fun was provided by the Soviet press, which accused the U.S. of manifold human-rights violations. That must make the Soviets bitterly sorry about having signed the Helsinki Accords. Maybe they'll learn from history, and be more careful in the future.

Footnote: Jesse Jackson showed up in Geneva to accost Gorbachev on this and that in front of the cameras. Have the Swiss lost control of their borders?

Interiors by Jerry Falwell

With a brush broad as a farmer's
  Slapping whitewash on a door,
He's touched up Manila's mansions
  And Pretoria's décor.
Though I'm all for preservation,
  When the Reverend declares
Everything is hunky-dory,
  I start tossing jardinieres.

W. H. VON DREELE

Recreations In Rostneeshpuram

IN THE NOVEL *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Ian Fleming describes a cocktail game James Bond plays with a dozen good-looking women on some Alp or another. You take a paper napkin and stretch it over a highball glass with a rubber band. Then you lay a coin in the middle. Everyone takes turns burning holes in the napkin with a cigarette, and the object is to go on as long as possible without being the one who makes the coin fall into the glass.

The tax-reform game is being played much the same way in Washington these days. Treasury I started out as a reasonably pristine document. After the doctors and oil drillers and venture capitalists had finished burning a few holes in it the result was Treasury II. Then Dan Rostenkowski and his House colleagues got

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

CAP WEINBERGER wanted to go to the Summit, but Ronald Reagan didn't invite him. "My bags were packed," Cap told a prominent Washington activist, "and I waited for the call, but it didn't come." That's why Cap wrote The Letter, in which he urged the President to refrain from promising continued compliance with SALT II—a melancholy commentary on the low-entré status to which the Defense Secretary has sunk, thanks to Bud McFarlane, George Shultz, Mike Deaver, and Nancy Reagan's success at screening Reagan from hard-line advice. "The Summit was orchestrated to make Reagan think that his highest second-term achievement will be the Nobel Peace Prize," notes one conservative congressman sardonically.

Mr. Reagan's inner circle of White House advisors aren't enamored of Cap, either, partly because he can usually make an end-run around them, going directly to the President, and partly because he has such an uncompromising manner. "I admire Cap philosophically," says a Reaganite senator, "but he's too rigid. I don't like to deal with him. Yet I realize that his insights on national security are important."

The Hill consensus is that Cap has suffered a tactical failure, as shown by the deep erosion of his budget. Instead of working with Congress—even with the President's allies—to come up with a defensible budget, Cap refuses to jiggle his Pentagon numbers. "For a couple of years, we've needed to put forward a lower defense figure to get the Democrats to sign off on deeper social cuts," laments a young conservative congressman. "But Weinberger stonewalls until the last second, giving us no support. As a result, his own budget has suffered."

In sum, Cap is viewed not only as an obstructionist in the budget process, but as a real obstacle to the kind of arms-control agreement that will please Shultz et al. But the Defense Secretary remains as popular as ever with Numero Uno. So don't count Cap out.

The speech-writing team at the White House (reporting to Pat Buchanan) sent in its draft of a TV address for Ronald Reagan to deliver on the Thursday before the Summit, but the President turned it down cold. "How can I get that tough with Gorbachev five days before I meet with him?" he asked Don Regan. Another draft was ordered, with lowered voltage, but it was still far too hard-line. A final draft, supplied Thursday morning, was written mostly outside the writing shop: 50 per cent by the National Security Council, 25 per cent by the President, 15 per cent by the President's top aides, and only 10 per cent by the speech-writing shop. One result: displeasure with the writing group, particularly with Ben Elliott, the yeoman wordsmith who has been admirably toiling in that unit since the Administration's earliest days, but who will now be heading to VOA (as director), unless the brass's displeasure with his principled obstinacy degenerates into punishment or reprisal.

Look for a Bush-Laxalt ticket to be a hot item of political gossip over the Thanksgiving holidays. Laxalt is leaving the Senate next year to make big bucks, after the manner of practicing attorney and lobbyist Howard Baker (seven figures in '85), and then will return to public life as George Bush's running-mate in '88, so the scenario says. A bonus in this deal is that nearly all of the Republican National Committee is dedicated and loyal to general chairman Laxalt; thus the deal would give Bush conservative support and staff support in one package.

Bush's staff worries about the "overbearing persistence" of Jack Kemp, as one aide puts it, in a possible Bush-Kemp pairing. "Would you want Kemp as your partner on the ticket, breathing down your neck?" is one phrasing of the problem. Laxalt isn't afflicted with burning ambition. When it was first announced that Laxalt would serve as the White House's bridge to Congress in 1981, it was thought that Laxalt might undercut Majority Leader Howard Baker. Not so. He was admirably loyal to both Baker and Reagan.

More importantly, a Bush-Laxalt ticket would be acceptable to Republican senators. So what? "Take a look at who runs state delegations back home," notes a young Republican senator from the Middle West. "Senior senators control them, and they oversee delegate selection." Now these Republican senators know Laxalt, and they like him, and, anyway, there's nothing like having a buddy at the White House when it comes to getting a federal judgeship, or funding a pet project, or getting a ticket to the presidential box at the Kennedy Center for key supporters. That's the logic of the Bush-Laxalt ticket, just three years before the main event. Think about it.

—CATO

to take their turns, and by now the napkin is a sort of lacy filigree. The final *clink* signifying the end of the game comes when the lawmakers announce that they won't be bringing the top rates down to 35 per cent after all.

But that's what you get for playing parlor games with devotees of the Shree Rostneesh cult, whose mantra is a constantly murmured "curtail but not eliminate, curtail but not eliminate." That is what they did with the tax breaks of life insurers, renovators of old buildings, real-estate shelterers, gasoholics, companies that operate in Puerto Rico or abroad, employers of disadvantaged workers, and solar energumens. Retaining all these provisions in scaled-back form will keep the tax code as complicated as it is now—more so, when you throw in some new complexities like the corporate minimum tax. Reform without Simplicity, then, is the first precept of the holy text of Rostneeshism.

The second is Reform without Equity. There is no earthly reason why small timber companies or banks should be treated better than big ones, but the Rostenkowski panel created entirely new preferences in both areas. Brookings's Joseph Pechman says such rules will encourage large banks to split themselves into smaller paper units to escape this burden—which is just the sort of nonsensical shuffling that tax reform was meant to stop.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The third is Reform without Reform. Only if a reform plan cuts overall rates in a big way will it stimulate economic growth, wipe out the profitability of tax shelters, and compensate the vast majority of taxpayers for the loss of their deductions. The Reaganites tried to achieve such a plan; the Rostneeshites, barring some last-minute deprogramming, prefer to meditate on the virtues of the present system.

A/K/A Quotas, Continued

THERE IS A seductive argument going the rounds on the subject of racial quotas, also known as affirmative action. As we noted in this space a fortnight ago ["A/K/A Quotas," Nov. 29], the President has on his desk a Justice Department proposal to amend Lyndon Johnson's Executive Order 11246, concerning federal contracting. The new language would allow private firms to maintain their affirmative-action programs so long as they did not employ the statistical techniques of reverse discrimination. But it would forbid the Federal Government to require quotas, and would prevent companies from defending their quota programs on the grounds that they were mandated by federal law.

This, the honey-tongued pragmatists say, is excessive. Strict-constructionists can achieve the same results simply by adding to the Executive Order a sentence or two repeating the language of the Civil Rights Act. Or better yet, the Johnson order, which nowhere mentions "goals," "timetables," or "quotas," could simply be left in place; and federal regulations implementing the order—which bred the quota system in the first place—could be changed at the Cabinet level.

If the Administration were starting from scratch on affirmative action, it could afford to do what the pragmatists suggest. But of course it is not. The original intentions of the law and of the civil-rights movement—to say nothing of the Constitution—have been overgrown by thickets of interpretation. The Civil Rights Act of 1964—the same act Hubert Humphrey promised to eat the pages of, one after another, if any clause in it could be found to permit preferential hiring—has been found, by the Supreme Court *in Weber*, to permit just that. A generation of regulation writers has made careers out of defining, structuring, and overseeing numerical racial measures, all teased out of the Johnson Executive Order. This judicial and bureaucratic juggernaut is not going to be stopped by a stray sentence.

The pragmatists know that. The main problem with their advice is that they themselves accept quotas, goals, and timetables; or, at least, they are unwilling to incur the political fallout that would result from efforts to move against them. They want defeat on this issue, and their advice is a recipe for achieving it. The irony, of course, is that poll after poll has shown that a majority of Americans (including black Americans) oppose quotas. Attacking the quota system should be seen as a chance to reap political gain.

The system, as it now stands, stinks. The quotas lobby is determined to defend and, wherever possible, extend it. Congress, for instance, is on the point of requiring the National Endowment for the Humanities to report its racial goals and timetables to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission—a legislative first. The Administration can't bring the law back to justice, and to political reality, without a clear stand. Amending the Executive Order is doable, and direct. Not amending it would be an act of political and intellectual cowardice.

That Is the Question

To hoochie-coo the Yuppies
  Or vamp the Bible Belt?
Not since Prince Hamlet hemmed and hawed
  Have White House hopefuls felt
So pulled and stretched, attempting
  To place one foot so that
The other, on the curb, won't make
  The candidate fall flat.

W. H. VON DREELE

Breakthrough In Northern Ireland

THERE ARE complexities and then there are complexities. The arcane complexities of arms-control theology sermonized upon by Messrs. Reagan and Gorbachev in Geneva pale into elementary triviality by comparison with the political and religious complexities that divide Catholic and Protestant in Northern Ireland. The tortuous road to the superpower Summit in Geneva was a daisy-lined country thoroughfare compared to the 18 months of negotiations that culminated in the mid-November signing in Hillsborough, County Down, of a British-Irish agreement on cooperation in Northern Ireland. And since terrorism in Northern Ireland has claimed thousands of lives since the end of World War II, while nuclear weapons have claimed none at all, the agreement arguably may save more lives than anything that took place in Geneva.

The agreement gives Dublin a formal advisory role in setting policy for the six counties of Northern Ireland. Great Britain will retain full political control and sovereignty there unless and until the citizens of Northern Ireland vote otherwise. But a joint Anglo-Irish intergovernmental conference, consisting of ministers and parliamentarians from both countries, will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meet regularly and make non-binding recommendations on policy issues affecting Northern Ireland. If it is ratified by the parliaments of both countries, the agreement has tremendous potential to diffuse tension and pave the way for a victory over the terrorists.

Prime Ministers Margaret Thatcher and Garret FitzGerald have both staked their political fortunes on the success of the agreement, FitzGerald even more than Mrs. Thatcher. At least one British cabinet member has resigned over the issue, and 18 British parliamentarians are threatening to do so. But Mr. FitzGerald is bucking two centuries of Irish tradition that has supported an independent, united Ireland as a concrete political objective, rather than a mere aspiration. The agreement in effect means that the Republic of Ireland agrees that a final union with the North is only an aspiration, something that will take place as the culmination of a gradual process and in accordance with the will of the local populace in the North (60 per cent of whom say they want to remain British).

FitzGerald and Mrs. Thatcher deserve a Nobel Peace Prize for their political courage and imagination in the face of centuries of strife. Now it is up to both sides in Northern Ireland to behave wholly out of character and give the agreement a chance to work.

Bravo

SECRETARY OF EDUCATION William Bennett has offered Congress legislation proposing that $600 vouchers be given to poor parents, to be used for tuition or remedial instruction at the public or private school of their choice. The *New York Times* calls the idea a "cruel hoax," and Albert Shanker, president of the second-largest teachers' union, says it is a "dangerous diversion." So, what's so good about it?

There is an economic aspect of the argument—is $600 enough to buy anything?—which is mostly smoke. It won't buy a year's tuition at a top-notch private school in Westchester, which can run to $7,000—a figure the antis love to throw around. It will buy a significant chunk of the tuition at St. Mary's or St. Francis's deep in the inner city, which is where poor parents are more likely to be willing and able to send their kids (and where they will probably get as solid a grounding in the basics as at Yuppie Prep). Six hundred dollars could very well buy a course or program of remedial instruction in a subject in which the child was weak. Schools would have an incentive to broaden their offerings. Public schools, whose level of financial aid is determined by how many children attend, would find the lure particularly strong.

But the real objection is exactly what Shanker says it is. Vouchers are indeed a "diversion": from business as usual; from the monolithic, top-heavy public-education industry, which is determined to retain money, children, and control. It is an industry protected beyond Detroit's wildest dreams. It fears, not Toyotas, but parental discretion. Accordingly, it opposes every twitch of parental independence or flexibility—even concern. Hence, when the public became interested in the questions of school excellence and school discipline—see p. 24—the education industry scurried to prove that there was no cause for alarm. And hence its opposition to vouchers—a more direct economic threat. Why, after vouchers, Shanker went on worriedly, the next step might be—*tuition tax credits*! From his lips, to God's ears.

Mayday

A YOUNG UKRAINIAN sailor on board the Soviet freighter *Marshal Konev* jumps into the Mississippi River. He swims a hundred yards to shore at Belle Chasse, Louisiana, and is found by a local jeweler, who takes him to the police. The sailor cannot speak English, so after several hours he is taken to the Border Patrol office in nearby New Orleans. Offi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUEST EDITORIAL

Daniel in Coffin's Den

HE SHOOK HANDS with President Reagan at a UN reception, and bought himself more than $3,500 worth of designer eyeglasses while in New York. But he also made himself available to the proletariat, as he does back home in Nicaragua. The proles were gathered at William Sloane Coffin's Riverside Church, which had welcomed his foreign minister and ambassador many times at its disarmament conferences.

It hadn't been easy for Daniel Ortega to get there: He had had to circumvent State Department attempts to limit his public appearances with visa restrictions. But here he was, and he had brought a lot of his heavyweights along—his U.S. and UN ambassadors, his ministers of foreign trade and information, and the legendary Nora Astorga. You may recall her as the seductress who lured one of Somoza's key generals into her bed, while her *compañeros* were hiding behind the curtains, armed with ice picks.

For this ensemble Coffin asked his guests, convoked by Cora Weiss, to please rise and applaud warmly. As Mrs. Weiss escorted Ortega and his wife up to the speaker's platform, Coffin opened his Bible and read from I Kings, Chapter 21, the story of Naboth. Naboth refused to yield the people's land to King Ahab, and was punished with death on a trumped-up charge in the name of the people, in much the same way that Nicaragua itself is now threatened by us *norteamericanos* and our tricky government. Ortega thanked his host for this touching welcome.

Now it was time for him to speak to the people: some National Council of Churches bureaucrats, some clergy, some activist laity. Given this friendly sanctuary, Ortega felt emboldened to open up with the touchiest issue: the state of emergency he had just imposed back home. Frankly, he had had to sacrifice his own PR interests to the higher interest of the people, which was of course the revolution, ever more besieged by U.S.-backed mercenaries. No, there was no crisis on the battlefield, where the mercenaries were being defeated (*applause*). But for just that reason the losing side was moving its counteroffensive to the political and economic fronts. The ominous pattern established in Allende's Chile—CIA-backed subversion of a popular revolution through the press, the labor movement, and the Church—was being re-enacted in Nicaragua. His hand thus forced, Ortega sighed, he had imposed the state of emergency, knowing that it would put his friends abroad in an uncomfortable position. (Even the *New York Times* editorialized about Nicaragua's impending totalitarianization.)

But then, what are friends for? If the people of Nicaragua could submit to a deprivation of their liberties to save their revolution, couldn't their friends here at least share in the sacrifice? One had to understand: "Allende did not impose a state of emergency; the CIA used his flexibility and it led to his death. . . . We cannot forget that experience and we won't permit its repetition!" Burst of applause. The people of Riverside would gladly share in the sacrifice, all right.

Ortega was now settling in comfortably. His sullen look gave way to jocularity: "Ronald Reagan's UN-day speech yesterday was incompatible with the United Nations, and with the principles of international law. . . . He also mentioned God, and the sacredness of life, and the miraculous survival of some Mexican children after the earthquake. Let him show these interests of his in Nicaragua, by stopping the aggression against us!" Applause. ". . . And let us not use God's name in vain!" Laughter and thunderous applause.

Coffin stepped forward and thanked him: "Very few heads of state are more determined than the president of Nicaragua, Mr. President." TIM EDWARDS

---

cials there contact an interpreter in New York who speaks Ukrainian. Although the sailor is completely exhausted, he is nonetheless coherent and aware. Twice he is asked, through the interpreter, whether he wants to defect to the United States. Twice he answers yes. He is told that he will be held at least overnight, so that he can rest, and that the interview will be continued the next day. But then, despite his insistence that he wants to remain in the United States, and contrary to standard procedures governing the treatment of would-be defectors, the Border Patrol officers turn 22-year-old Miroslav Medved over to the Soviet ship's local agent, who charters a skiff to take him back. Upon sight of the Soviet vessel, Medved again jumps into the water and tries to swim ashore. Seven Soviet seamen drag him out of the water and carry him back to the ship. Witnesses report that he was struggling.

Three days later, in response to public outcry demanding his release, the State Department secures an interview with Medved. In the continuous presence of Soviet authorities, Medved is interviewed by a doctor and officials from the State Department and the Im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

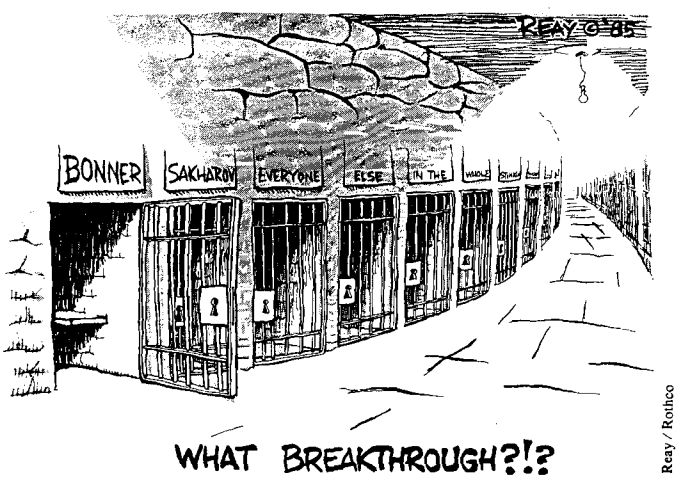
migration and Naturalization Service (INS). He appears sedated. One of his wrists is slashed. The interview has to be stopped at one point when Medved becomes nauseated. He spends the one night on shore. The next morning he signs a statement saying that he no longer wants to defect. He is returned to the ship. Notwithstanding protests from various private groups and a subpoena served by the Senate Agriculture Committee, the *Marshal Konev* loads up with American grain and sails back to the USSR.

At first this farce was blamed on a lack of communication. The Border Patrol officers claimed that there was confusion over the use of the term "asylum." Considering that in the Soviet Union asylum means prison camp, such confusion would be understandable. But according to Irene Padoch, the interpreter who first spoke to Medved in his native tongue, the confusion never existed. She made quite clear to the Border Patrol officers that Medved wanted to defect. In Medved's own words, he wanted to "live in an honest country."

Then it was speculated that his leap was an impetuous act he soon regretted. It was not. Medved had planned his escape well in advance. He had packed his valuables in a glass jar to keep them dry. He had leapt into deep water in the middle of a storm in order to make it look more like an accident, hoping to buy himself some time once he was ashore. Obviously, his act was well deliberated.

Even if there had been a question as to whether he really wanted to defect, standard operating procedure dictates that possible defectors from Communist countries be held at least overnight, and that the State Department and the INS be notified immediately. Neither was done. The INS found out about Medved only when it was contacted the next day by friends of Mrs. Padoch, who was at home waiting for a second interview—which never took place.

Medved's hopes for freedom were dashed when he was first returned to the Soviet ship. There is no doubt that during the next three days he was drugged, interrogated, and threatened. He even tried to take his own life. All of the subsequent attempts to get him to re-defect were useless. Medved is the victim not of Summit politics, but of gross incompetence. As he is shipped off to Gulag, his plight is all the more tragic for the fact that we could have averted it.



NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: RSB

Just thought I'd tell you I went down to Washington to celebrate the third birthday of *The McLaughlin Group*, the political talk show hosted by John McLaughlin [*NR*'s Washington correspondent]. Now you may not know this, Bill, since all you use *your* TV for is to watch video cassettes of Rosalyn Tureck, but *The McLaughlin Group* is the most popular show in Washington. I mean, the Soviets even turn off their snooping equipment when it's on because no one makes phone calls. All the regular characters of the capital's most popular sit-com were there: Jack Germond, who's just written a fat book about the last election—but he's glum because he was for Mondale, who lost; and Morton Kondracke, the molting lib (I knew Mort had Doubts when he told me—in Caracas, of all places—that his favorite candidate in 1980 was Howard Baker); and Bob Novak (come to think of it, he was a lib once too, at least he used to give Barry hell, but now he's a Kempite: well, live and learn—I told him it was slow getting a taxi at the airport and he blamed the tax rates); and of course, John McL., the star and host, hectoring, badgering, insulting, needling, scarifying, and basking, basking, basking. Pat Buchanan, a former regular on the show, now Director of Communications at the White House, also came by, to brood over the sad step down in life he's taken; Pat's new boss came too, and said a few appropriate words. There was a nice buffet, which I didn't try, and a fine bar, which I did. A very, very good time was had by all, certainly by me (hope they do it all again next year).

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: your column of July 29, "I Confess." As an inceptive *NR* reader, philosophical soulmate, and former Litchfield County buddy of Jim Burnham, I feel compelled to provide you, in your role as "truth-seeker in the matter of rock culture," with some of the information you may lack that might help explain why "the undisputed international" rock-star "celebrities of the world" do not appeal to you—nor to anyone else of sensitivity and discrimination.

First let me establish my bona fides. During the late 1940s and early '50s I was a jazz pianist in my native

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NYC. No great soloist but I comped well enough to play with the likes of Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Gerry Mulligan, et al., especially at the endless jam sessions that flourished during the Be-Bop era. Their lifestyle was mine—the booze, the drugs, the democratically promiscuous groupie "chicks," the whole disreputable scene. In those days cocaine cost $20 a spoon (about three grams' worth), marijuana was ten bucks an ounce, and the drugstores sold amphetamines and sedatives over the counter.

Heroin was the villain. The "cool school" musicians loved it, and it murdered them like flies by overdose, infection, and insanity. I was saved from this kind of fate because of a childhood aversion to needles, but I tried everything else and witnessed the self-destruction of so many fine talents that it sickened my soul to the point where I quit playing. I began writing song lyrics and special musical material for everyone from Tony Bennett to Hermione Gingold. I labored in Tin Pan Alley during the mid-'50s and happened to be a staff writer at Sheldon Music (the owner, Moe Gale, was an ex-Harlem pawnbroker who bought the Savoy Ballroom) when a black writer named Otis Blackwell brought around young Elvis Presley. When Elvis shook his rear end on the *Ed Sullivan Show* to the rhythm-and-blues tunes Otis wrote for him, he pushed a subliminal sexual button in the collective American psyche and opened a Pandora's Box, the consequences of which have now reached the epidemic proportions that so repel you (when it reached England in the early '60s, the British at last found a way to repay their errant colonies, and added their distinctive touch of sophisticated, decadent depravity to the mix, thus accelerating the amalgamation of kinkiness and sleaze that has given birth to punk rock, heavy metal, and the exaltation of the freak).

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Okay, rock 'n' roll, as we now know it, combines Elvis's blatant sexuality with something even more tasteless, unmusical, and dangerous. Before the black revolution and the Civil Rights Act, black hatred of whites was expressed covertly, in code, through music. All the old Race record riffs had secret lyrics that Negroes who were "hep" recognized instantly. . . . These rhythmic messages were incorporated into all the early rock hits by unknowing white acts like Presley, Chuck Berry, and Bill Haley. The emotional underpinning of hatred added to the sexual element was powerful stuff. It sold like crazy.

We now come to the last piece in the picture. When this kind of music pounds away in a bar it sells a lot of whisky. In the mid-'50s rock 'n' roll hooked up with the Mafia-controlled juke-box, liquor, and record-distribution industries. One must understand that the juke box is one of the greatest earners the Mob owns. You put money in it but it *never* pays off (unlike a slot machine, which pays off occasionally). It gives you back—a song! So much profit is generated by this mechanical ripoff that literally scores of men have died in wars fought over the control of juke-box routes (the Gallo-Profaci war is but one example. I know, I was there). Now with the birth of this drinking music, rock 'n' roll, the "boys" saw a future that really worked. They moved into the popular-music business lock, stock, and barrelhouse. They have always controlled the bookers, the nightclubs, and the talent. They muscled into retail outlets and recording companies alike and paid off disc jockeys (corrupt by definition) to push this dope-for-the-ear into every corner of, first, America and then the world. I could go on and on, but I think you've got the idea. All people of taste deserve the full picture—for confirmation of their own best instincts, if nothing else.

The saddest thing is that we are now faced with three generations of rock addicts. The arrogant tastelessness of this anti-music infects the whole world. Clothed in the self-righteous costume of "humanitarianism," the rock stars are telling us that, sure, they helped infect our youth with venereal disease, and, of course, they glamorized the drug culture and became the role models for a countless legion of copycat cocaine addicts, and the source of enrichment for Pushers International, but, gee, can't everybody see they are deeply caring, philanthropic sentimentalists, ready, at the drop of a TV camera's lens, to raise enough money to feed a bunch of starving Africans for, well, maybe a whole weekend?

I hope I have been of some help in painting the total picture. Excuse the length of this letter; I consider the information important.

Best regards,
Tom Garlock
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Garlock: That's a very interesting letter, and I thank you for it. I'm still missing the point of what it is that makes the music so hateful to so many who never could make out the lyrics, and so were unmoved by them. I'll keep trying. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I predict that Mikhail Gorbachev will win a Grammy award at the next ceremony. Category: "Best New Arrangement of the Same Old Song."

Yours very truly,
Douglas I. Buck II
Flushing, Mich.

P.S.: Come to think of it, *there's* a record that *really* needs a warning label . . .

Dear Mr. Buck: How about, "WARNING: The song you are about to hear may weaken your kidney"? Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT&T IS PROUD TO HAVE BROUGHT YOU 10,000 POINTS OF VIEW.

For a decade now, Robin MacNeil and Jim Lehrer have helped many of us better understand the complex world we live in.

Through in-depth analysis and interviews with expert guests, they've exposed news issues from every vantage point.

At AT&T, we've always admired their unbiased journalism. That's why, in 1979, we began to support them. And why today we're the sole corporate underwriter for The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour.

At AT&T, we look forward to more outstanding news coverage. And to the next 10,000 viewpoints MacNeil and Lehrer explore.

AT&T
The right choice.

© AT&T, 1985

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAX REFORM: BRAIN-DEAD

As session one of the 99th Congress draws to a close, the congressional docket is as bloated as the Potomac River after Hurricane Juan, with legislative flotsam so dense that tax reform has been all but choked off. Optimists here claim the odds are even that a bill will get out of the Ways and Means Committee sometime in December. If so, that legislation will be a far cry from Ronald Reagan's reform proposal. Chairman Dan Rostenkowski (D., Ill.) and other Democrats on the committee are defying the President by a) retaining full deductibility for state and local taxes, b) raising the top marginal individual tax rate above 35 per cent (probably to 38 per cent), and c) dropping Mr. Reagan's proposed $2,000 personal exemption to $1,500 for those earning over $35,000 per annum.

Once again, the Democrats are thwarting the aims of the popular Mr. Reagan, and they will doubtless win the tax-reform battle. If the President rejects Rostenkowski's alternative, Tip O'Neill can proclaim that the President really doesn't want a tax package. Why? Because his rich friends would be hurt . . .

Conservative Opportunity Society Congressmen Vin Weber (R., Minn.) and Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.), along with 36 of their GOP House colleagues, aren't taking this supinely. They have sent a letter to the President urging him to show appropriate scorn for the Democrats' alternative. "Deform rather than reform" is what the Democrats on Ways and Means are doing to the tax code, says the Weber-Gingrich letter. "The time has come to abandon the committee bill," they urge, "and rededicate ourselves to genuine pro-growth and pro-family tax reform." Rostenkowski's package would bleed taxpayers of $50 billion a year, thanks to all the pork it promises to Ways and Means Committee members, including tax breaks for municipal and state bond holders (construction projects, chiefly) and private owners of sewage plants. Even a watered-down version of the bill would cost rather than save taxpayers' dollars. "Rostenkowski's alternative has gone beyond special interests," says Weber. "Now it's self-interest."

Gingrich is equally disdainful. "Every CPA I've talked with," says the Georgia legislator, "claims that the Ways and Means bill complicates the tax system. It doubles or triples their work. Some reform."

Even congressmen who don't like Reagan's tax bill because it ends the deductibility of state and local taxes, and who therefore ought to like Rostenkowski's, don't. Take Ray McGrath (R., N.Y.) who wants state/local deductibility protected (thus opposing the Reagan bill), but refuses to endorse Rostenkowski because that proposal "fails to address the needs of the country." So McGrath finds himself in limbo, wanting tax reform, but not wanting to support a revenue-losing, special-interest, self-serving contraption.

Ways and Means won't fashion a compromise to please the Ray McGraths. Rostenkowski and Treasury Secretary Jim Baker, you see, have cut a deal: Baker (and his deputy Richard Darman) will stay out of circulation until the bill reaches the Republican Senate, where it can be retooled with the Reagan engine, i.e., ending state/local deductibility (maybe) and other lesser tinkerings. "It's a safe bet that tax reform will go by the boards this year," says a COSer. "Any tax bill brought to the House floor will have no more than forty GOP supporters, and that means no passage. Democrats can't do it by themselves."

Another scenario lays out a different sequence, however. House Republicans may acquiesce to watered-down legislation on the presumption that Democrats will get their just deserts in the Senate. "That tack could be dangerous," says a conservative congressman. "In the past Bob Packwood hasn't exactly been loyal to the President. There's no guarantee that he'll come through this time."

Packwood says otherwise. "We'll have a bill on the President's desk by Easter," he avers. "If not by then, certainly by the Fourth of July."

Don't bet on it. Democrats in the Senate are starting to smell majority status, so they aren't in any hurry to make Republicans look good. Young Turks like John Kerry (D., Mass.), Christopher Dodd (D., Conn.), and Tom Harkin (D., Iowa) are happy to see Republicans squirming in their own inertia. Meanwhile, Majority Leader Robert Dole tries to get the senators to keep their noses to the grindstone, to work on Mondays and Fridays, to stick to the rule of 15-minutes-after-the-buzzer-sounds. Not only is the retraining effort failing, it's ulcerating the poor trolley drivers who shuttle between the Senate and the Russell, Hart, and Dirksen office buildings. Two senators board a train, look at their watches, and signal the driver to start, and then another senator hollers from down the hall, "Hey! Wait!"

Tax reform, a simple and needed presidential initiative promoting the national interest, has degenerated into yet another bipartisan quarrel. The tax code has not been overhauled since the early Fifties. Ronald Reagan had a golden chance to make this the most consequential piece of legislation of his Presidency. But only a serious post-summit push can reanimate it. The vexed political question Mr. Reagan faces is whether to swallow Dan Rostenkowski's thin tax gruel or let the ersatz reform die of inanition. The late fall book here is that what came in with a bang in '85 will go out with a whimper in '86. Tax reform, sadly, is brain-dead. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW LESS LEAD IN GASOLINE WILL AFFECT YOUR CAR

USE OF ALCOHOL-GASOLINE BLENDS REQUIRES YOUR CAREFUL SELECTION

The Environmental Protection Agency is reducing the amount of lead allowed in leaded gasoline by more than 90%. General Motors supports this effort to reduce lead in the atmosphere. But our customers need to know how this action may affect their vehicles.

In simple terms, continue with the same gasoline you've been using. You probably won't notice any difference at your service station. Just be sure your gasoline meets the requirements below.

For post-1974 model cars and light trucks (less than 6,000 lbs.). Continue to use *unleaded* gasoline only. The new lower-lead limits for leaded gasoline *are still too high:* lead in gasoline will harm the emission-control system.

For 1971-74 model cars and light trucks. Use either unleaded or the new lower-lead gasoline. These vehicles were designed to run on either one.

For all pre-1971 model cars and trucks. Use the new lower-lead gasolines. These vehicles need leaded gas to lubricate exhaust valves. The lead raises octane ratings and helps to avoid "knocking" and "pinging." The lead is most important during continuous high-speed, high-load conditions such as towing a heavy trailer or large boat over a long distance. In a pinch, you can even use unleaded gas for normal driving.

Tip: Use only enough octane to avoid frequent knocking. An occasional "ping" won't harm the engine.

The new lower-lead gasolines should *always* be used in:

- 1971-78 trucks over 6,000 lbs.
- post-1978 trucks over 8,500 lbs.

The effect of alcohol blends. To meet the new regulations, oil refiners will turn to other methods to maintain or increase octane ratings. Some will elect to refine gasoline more intensively. Others may add octane enhancers such as ethanol and methanol (more informally known as grain alcohol and wood alcohol).

General Motors supports the use of such alternative fuels to lessen our nation's dependence on imported oil. But to avoid operating and other problems, don't use gasoline containing more than 10 percent ethanol or 5 percent methanol. And in the case of methanol, be sure it contains cosolvents (to prevent separation of the alcohol from the gasoline) and corrosion inhibitors.

General Motors is taking steps to ensure that its future vehicles can operate problem-free with gasoline containing alcohol. For now, you should know the contents of the fuel going into your gas tank. That's why we support the requirement that gas pumps show the alcohol content of the fuel. Such labels are being used in some states, but they are needed nationwide.

To get the efficiency, driveability and performance we design into your GM vehicles, be sure you use the right fuel. The proper identification and use of gasoline is good for both GM customers and GM cars and trucks.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF LINKAGE, AND ALL THAT

BY THE TIME *NR* readers see this, the Geneva summit will have come and gone, whether to affect history or to merit no more than a footnote in the history books, only time will tell. Writing before the event, I merely offer some comments on the permanent verities of the East/West conflict and on the persistence with which some Western statesmen overlook them.

An unusual example of realism in this respect was offered by President Reagan in his address to the United Nations General Assembly on October 24. The tendency, deeply anchored in the West, to consider power in military terms only, and strategy in nuclear terms only, was neatly breached when the President referred to the wars in Afghanistan, Nicaragua, Angola, Ethiopia, and Cambodia. (He might have added El Salvador and Mozambique to the list, and the fact that he didn't is perhaps instructive.)

The point about the conflicts he did name is that not one of them involved Soviet nuclear power, yet all of them were, and are, strategic. All of them involved the projection of Soviet power indirectly through what I call teleguided coups d'état, a highly effective technique.

The President was dead on target when he said: "All of these conflicts . . . are the consequence of an ideology imposed from without." He was equally on target when he proposed that the United States and the Soviet Union should jointly seek solutions—not because any such thing is likely to happen but because it is good and proper that the Soviets should for once be put on the spot.

In the version of the speech available to me, I didn't see the word "linkage," but that is what it was all about: It is no good just sitting down and dealing with the massive and frightening *symptom* of the threat, without considering its real *cause*, which is the expansionist Marxist-Leninist ideology that is held to justify any aggressive measure, anywhere and by any means.

Summit time is of course pundit time. A few days before President Reagan addressed the UN, Henry Kissinger, a former Secretary of State no less, was interviewed at length by top people from the London *Observer*, a newspaper much given to tolerance of Soviet expansionism, to indignation about South Africa, and to concern about the plight of something it calls "spaceship Earth."

In response to a question about the late Mr. Brezhnev, with whom, you remember, in the company of President Nixon, the then Secretary of State had some rather significant dealings, he remarked: "I rather liked Brezhnev. I thought he was not a bad leader to deal with. *Of course, his penchant for keeping neighboring countries significantly weaker than the Soviet Union was very uncomfortable. . . .*"

I have to confess that I read this passage several times in the belief that I must have misread it initially. And then it all fell into place. If you believe that the "right" to invade and occupy a country (Czechoslovakia) because it is showing signs of independence from Moscow—a right asserted by Brezhnev in 1968 in the name of the "socialist commonwealth," and known as the "Brezhnev Doctrine"—amounts to no more than a "penchant for keeping neighboring countries significantly weaker than the Soviet Union," then of course you will put your name, alongside that of a colleague, to something known as the "Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt Doctrine."

This doctrine, enunciated in December 1975, which in effect advised the peoples of Eastern Europe to bury their hopes of liberation, was castigated in mordant terms at the time, by the originator of this column, James Burnham. In context, "penchant for, etc." should be enshrined somewhere as one of the memorable euphemisms of our time.

One more quote, in answer to a question about the Soviet experience in Afghanistan: "I think they probably slid into Afghanistan as a result of a misunderstanding."

This one, too, is illuminating. Some misunderstanding, which provided training and indoctrination for Afghan officers in the USSR for twenty years or so; which sent a KGB team to Kabul to put puppet number one, Taraki, in power; which murdered his successor, puppet number two, Amin; and which finally got it right with the present puppet, Babrak Karmal (number three in the series), who invited the Soviets to invade his country . . .

BUT ENOUGH of these reminiscences. Turning now to military matters, I would like to draw the attention of readers to the publication in Moscow of an important book by Marshal Nikolai V. Ogarkov, the former Army Chief of Staff, entitled *History Teaches Vigilance*. When it became known that Ogarkov's book had been published in Moscow, rumors started circulating in NATO circles to the effect that it discarded the established Soviet doctrine that a nuclear war can be won through a Soviet first strike. In fact, the marshal merely refers to Soviet non-first-use of nuclear weapons, and most of the book deals with the reorganization of the Soviet forces for a conventional war.

It will be remembered that Ogarkov was "relieved of his posts" on September 6, 1984. However, he was named the following day as Commander-in-Chief of the Western Theater of War; which appears to mean that should war break out between NATO and the Warsaw Pact powers, Ogarkov, rather than the commander-in-chief of the Pact, Marshal Kulikov, would be in charge. A man to watch. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q. Why is William Rusher's new book, *The Rise of the Right*, a *must* for your permanent library (not to mention one you'll want your kids to read)?

A. Because in this *one* book you get a comprehensive history of the conservative movement in America, from the Goldwater beginnings to the Reagan triumphs—the facts, the ideas, and the people who did it all—the whole inside story, from a man who *knows* what happened because he was a prime instigator himself.

You know Rusher as *National Review*'s longtime publisher, prolific author, TV personality, newspaper columnist, and speaker. But behind his prodigious public performance he's been hard at work (for more than 30 years!) instructing a generation of conservatives—from old pros to the *new* generation—in the art of successful politics.

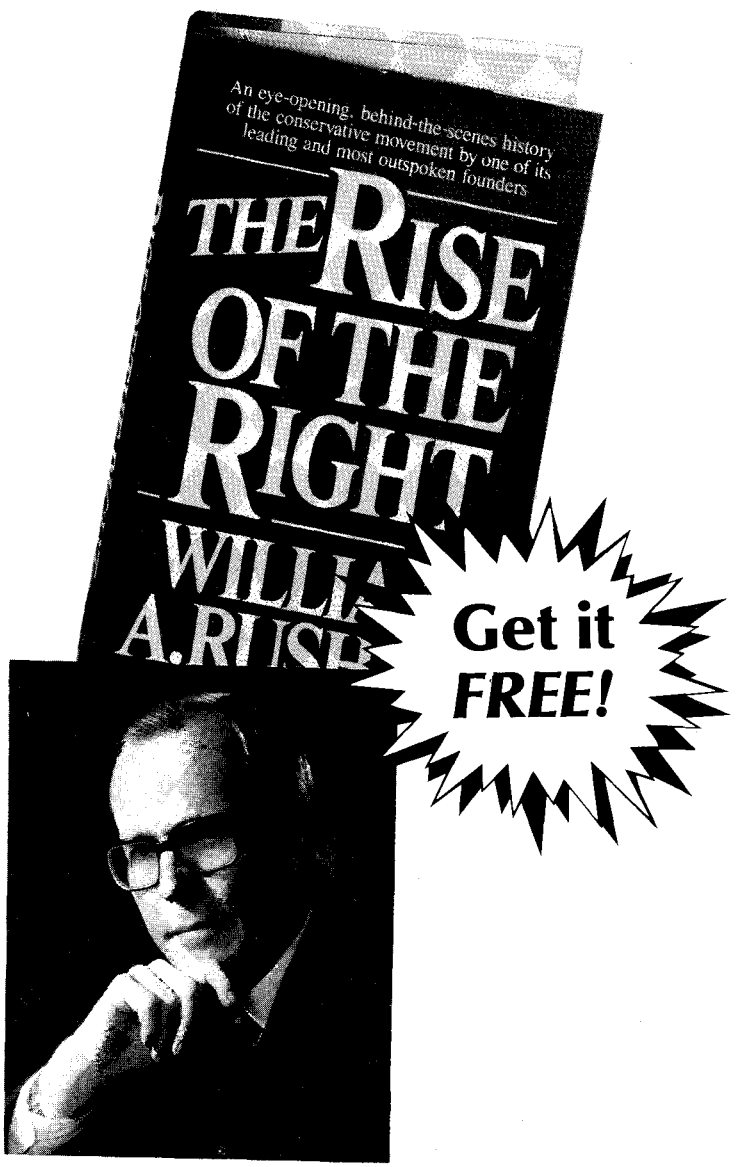
Now he tells the whole story, and it's fascinating stuff, as you'll see for yourself from the first page—his vivid description of the 1950s will remind you that, for conservatives, there seemed little hope of displacing liberalism's dominance of *both* political parties. That was when Rusher and a small band of dedicated colleagues began putting together the political network that would not only launch a bold attempt to capture the Republican Party but *succeed* in an amazingly short time!

It's all in this new book, and if anyone doubts how *good* it is, listen to what Barry Goldwater himself wrote to Rusher just after publication: "I read it completely last night . . . I couldn't put it down . . . I don't think there is anything in the entire book that I would disagree with or, if I did, to any great extent." *Some* praise from one of the principal characters in a story that spares no details about the many conflicts and misunderstandings—personal and political—that inevitably happened along the road to victory.

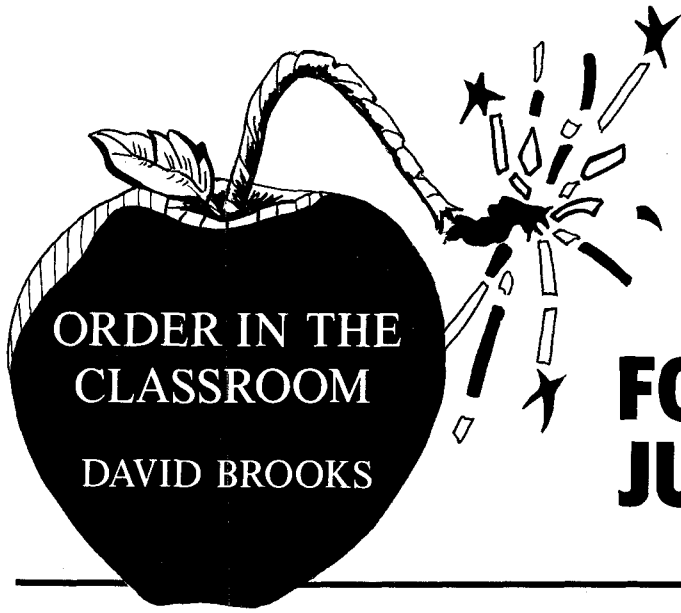
As we say, here is a book you will want to *own* yourself, to have handy in the years ahead. If *you* lived through it all, you'll find *The Rise of the Right* the perfect How It Really Was record (you'll want your children to read it too!). If you are a younger conservative, it's a one-volume guide to one of the most remarkable political turn-arounds in our history.

Well, you can get your personal copy of *The Rise of the Right* absolutely FREE if you use the card facing this page now to subscribe to *National Review* (or renew your current subscription) at no more than the regular yearly rate. That's right: you can get 25 big issues of NR *plus* this original hardcover book for a total of just $34 (with all postage and handling paid by us—another considerable savings for you). This new book is selling right now in bookstores for a stiff $15.95, but you can get it FREE with this special offer.

Use the card facing this page today to take advantage of this bargain offer (it's good only with the card, and while our dwindling supply of this original edition lasts, so hurry). Don't miss this opportunity to add *The Rise of the Right* to your permanent library, where it *belongs*.


An eye-opening, behind-the-scenes history of the conservative movement by one of its leading and most outspoken founders
THE RISE OF THE RIGHT
WILLIA
A. RUSH
Get it FREE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FORGET THE FIRE– JUST KEEP TEACHING

IN THE MID-1970s, the National Institute of Education spent $2.4 million surveying disorder in American public schools. In 1978 it released the "Safe Schools" study, which remains today the most important survey on school disorder. Among its findings:

—Each month, three million high-school students are victims of crimes in school, including two and a half million robberies and thefts. Two hundred eighty-two thousand students are assaulted in school every month.

—Each month, there are 2,400 acts of arson in schools.

—At least 125,000 teachers are threatened with physical violence each month.

—One thousand teachers a month are assaulted badly enough to require medical care.

—Risks of assault and robbery to urban students are greater in school than outside.

—Half a million high-school students say they are afraid in school most of the time.

—Almost 8 per cent of urban junior- and senior-high-school students miss at least one day of school per month because they are afraid of violence in school.

—High-school students are subjected to 525,000 attacks, shakedowns, and robberies every month.

—Fifty-seven per cent of all the costs of these crimes are incurred by *suburban* schools, which account for only 38 per cent of all schools. Total crime costs are about $200 million a year: two-thirds for replacement and repair of the physical plant, a quarter for supplies and equipment, and the rest for books.

There have been several less ambitious studies since that essentially confirmed the "Safe Schools" results. A study done in Boston in 1983 found that 40 per cent of all high-school students in that city reported that they had been victims of robbery, assault, or larceny during that school year. Eleven per cent of the teachers said they had been assaulted.

The National Opinion Research Center (NORC) conducted its own nationwide survey in 1981 and came up with numbers similar to those of the "Safe Schools" study. The NORC concluded, "A substantial fraction of the high schools in this country have only a precarious hold on the social order, and misbehavior afflicts the majority of them to a lesser degree."

In 1977, a Senate subcommittee under Indiana Senator Birch Bayh found that the problem had got steadily worse through the early Seventies. In 1979, the National Education Association (NEA) estimated that 110,000 teachers were attacked every year. In 1984, 120 students were shot in Detroit schools. During a five-month period in 1981, a hundred thousand incidents of violence were reported in California schools. On average, 24 teachers and 215 students were assaulted every day in California schools.

Often, these waves of statistics are cited as *prima facie* evidence of a serious general discipline problem in the schools. In fact, the link between these acts of in-school violence and crime and the greater educational problem of pervasive indiscipline, although real, is elastic. Compared to the numbers quoted above, the *percentage* of teachers who are assaulted every month seems low. Only 2.3 per cent of urban teachers, 0.8 per cent of suburban teachers, and 0.1 per cent of rural teachers are assaulted in a given month. But serious crimes such as assault are encouraged by, and in turn encourage, less dramatic disruptions that do more damage to learning. A school plagued by gunfights and teacher assaults has no time to battle truancy or low-level disrespect for teachers. "Safe Schools" found that 75 per cent of urban teachers and 43 per cent of rural teachers are cursed at by students every month. A school in which students feel free to talk out of turn is a perfect environment for more serious disruptions. Assaults, threats, thefts, acts of vandalism, and robberies have lasting ramifications. They permanently affect the way people feel and act in schools, always to the great detriment of learning.

A *New York Times* survey of five thousand teachers found that about a third of New York's teachers and a quarter of all teachers nationwide have been assaulted at least once. More importantly, the survey revealed that for 40 per cent of all teachers violence is a daily concern and a constant fear. A third of America's high-school teachers hesitate to confront misbehavior out of fear for their own safety (this according to the "Safe Schools" study).

Mr. Brooks, a former NR *staffer, is an editorial writer for the* Washington Times. *This article is excerpted from a study by Mr. Brooks, commissioned by National Review, Inc., on behalf of the Educational Reviewer, Inc.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the most serious effects of this fear is that it drives good teachers out of education. Surveys differ, but somewhere between a quarter and a half of all teachers say that if they had to do it all over again, they wouldn't. Fewer than half would advise a young person to become a teacher. And teachers consistently rate the behavior problems of their students as one of the primary forces pushing them to quit. Among teachers who leave teaching after one year, 80 per cent list discipline problems as the primary reason for their departure.

According to a recent Rand Corporation study, those teachers who leave the profession are among the best qualified and most intelligent. What's left, as Albert Shanker reported to his American Federation of Teachers Convention in 1984, are the less qualified and less intelligent teachers who couldn't easily find another job. His audience, made up largely of veteran teachers, laughed nervously, but agreed.

A study in Chicago revealed that discipline problems were a primary cause of stress and "teacher burnout." Teachers who are constantly harassed by behavior problems spend most of their time vainly pursuing order in the classroom. Their only professional goal is to survive another day intact. Trying to educate and energize students becomes a distant consideration. They tend to generalize the flaws of their worst pupils onto the entire student population. They rate their students as less intelligent, less cooperative, and less interested in school than do teachers who have not yet burned out.

One lengthy account, reported by Alfred and Ruth Reinhardt Block, shows how stress develops:

> John K., a 42-year-old Caucasian, was a high-school teacher in the inner city of Los Angeles, California, from 1965 to 1977. He watched school morale and discipline progressively deteriorate with a commensurate increase in school violence and vandalism. Vagrants and truants roamed the campus, disrupting classes, threatening and sometimes attacking teachers. Combat between opposing gangs was almost a daily occurrence. Participants used fists, knives, chains, lead pipes, and guns. The school's administrators seemed either powerless or indifferent. . . .
>
> Despite the obvious danger to his own safety, John K. was a conscientious teacher who believed it was his responsibility to intervene when gang fights occurred on campus . . . As a consequence, John was repeatedly threatened and sometimes beaten. Although he recovered from the beatings, he noticed that an insidious pain in his right leg increased until it caused him difficulty in climbing stairs, and, ultimately, in walking even short distances. Physicians who examined him dismissed the symptom as "psychological." . . .
>
> Just before Christmas vacation, John entered the audiovisual control booth of the school auditorium. As he closed the door, he confronted two male students cutting power lines and smashing electrical equipment. One student fled; the other began beating John with his fists. The student who had fled returned; he held John while the other grabbed a chair and began battering the teacher's head and shoulders. . . . He finally lost consciousness. . . .
>
> The principal (apparently uncomfortable with the poor safety record of his school) informed him, "This incident is your fault, and reflects your inability to relate to minorities." . . . The results of the sustained psychic stress combined with an especially severe physical attack, and the final blow—criticism from his principal—ultimately resulted in John's psychological decompensation. He was unable to continue teaching.
>
> Shortly after John quit, his symptoms of leg pain increased and atherosclerosis (a stress-aggravated condition) was diagnosed. Doctors performed a surgical bypass procedure, using bilateral Teflon replacements for the now obliterated arteries to his legs. He has not been able to return to teaching.

Students share their teachers' fear of violence and disorder. The NORC study confirmed the "Safe Schools" finding that between a fifth and a quarter of American high-school students feel afraid in school most of the time. According to the National Center of Education, 2.3 per cent of the young people who drop out of high school do so because "the school grounds are too dangerous."

Students respond to fear of violence in school by bringing weapons into the classroom. It's impossible to estimate how many students arm themselves in school for the sake of self-defense, but in some schools, almost 70 per cent of the students are said to be armed. There are 272,000 high-school kids in New York City. In the first four months of the 1984-85 academic year, school security officers, using spot checks, were able to confiscate one thousand weapons. Thousands more pass unnoticed, even when somebody is checking. In 1982, authorities tried to search Thomas Jefferson High School students for weapons. A near riot ensued, and the authorities were forced to halt the searches after one day.

In 1982, authorities tried to search Thomas Jefferson High School students for weapons. A near riot ensued, and the authorities were forced to halt the searches after one day

IN 14 OF THE past 15 Gallup polls on education, the general public has listed "lack of discipline" as the number-one problem in the schools. Over the past five years, about a quarter of the respondents have listed discipline as the most serious problem. Use of drugs, poor curriculum, lack of financial support, and inadequate teachers are among the problems that lag far behind. In 1982, 70 per cent of those polled told Gallup that discipline was either a "serious" or a "very serious" problem. In 1983, 70 per cent of Gallup respondents gave the schools a grade of C, D, or F for their efforts to maintain order.

Despite parents' concerns, the issue had not received much national media attention until the Reagan Administration released a report called "Disorder in Our Schools," on January 3, 1984. Then, briefly, all hell broke loose.

"Disorder in Our Schools" was written by a White House working group composed of officials from the Departments of Justice and Education and the White House Office of Policy Development. The panel was chaired by Gary L. Bauer, a Deputy Under Secretary at the Department of Education (ED). Bauer, a 37-year-old lawyer from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Newport, Kentucky, was far outside the mainstream of professional educators. He was, as his critics scornfully reminded us, a political appointee. More to the point, he was a Reaganite political appointee whose main job was to see that the Administration's education policies were carried out by not necessarily conservative ED civil servants. He is also, as NEA president Mary Futrell observes, "a very articulate, aggressive young man." These qualities were crucial in the ensuing drama.

The 21-page report, which took five months to prepare, is a mixture of Reagan Administration policy assumptions and a forceful, if strident, summary of the major studies on school violence. It was conceived as an adjunct to the headline-making report by the National Commission on Excellence, "A Nation at Risk." But whereas "A Nation at Risk" was written in the thoughtful, esoteric style of think-tank committees, "Disorder" was written in a blunt, factual style, highlighting the statistics of the "Safe Schools" study, newspaper reports, and some of the other studies I have cited. "A Nation at Risk" traded in generalities and intellectual trends. "Disorder" contains little reflection. It is a string of bulletins, easily transferable to newspaper articles and speeches.

On January 7, 1984, President Reagan used his national radio address to publicize the findings of the Bauer report. The President offered little in the way of government solutions, instead appealing directly to parents for help: "So please—if you have a discipline problem at your school—find out what you can do to help. By working together, we can restore good order to America's classrooms and give our sons and daughters the education they deserve."

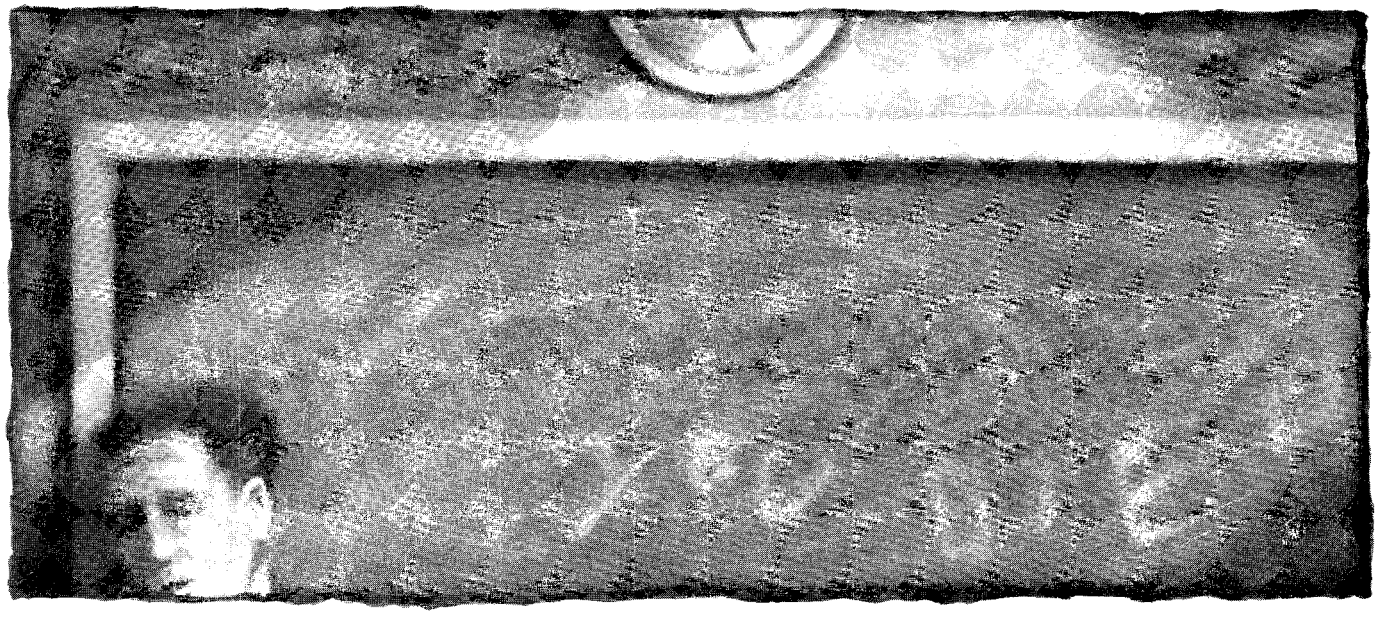
The approach was typical Reagan, but, in being directed toward parents and laymen rather than toward the education community, it was typical also of the 1983-84 excellence movement in education. The reforms carried out during that period were initiated by governors, legislative leaders, business executives, newspaper editors, influential private citizens, and non-educators in the executive branch such as Gary Bauer. For several decades, the education establishment—the National Education Association, the American Association of Secondary School Principals, Phi Delta Kappa, the American Federation of Teachers, the bureaucracies of the large school districts, and various other professional and research organizations—had managed American education essentially free of oversight. Suddenly, outsiders began looking over their shoulders, making the education community very uncomfortable. Chester Finn summarized the mood of the education establishment in an excellent essay in *Policy Review* in the summer of 1984:

> Professional educators are wary, suspicious, and a bit resentful. The excellence movement was not their idea. They are not in charge of it. All sorts of previously uninterested but extremely powerful people are suddenly poking around in their schools and colleges, insufficiently respectful of long-established practice and inordinately willing to shake things up.

The tone of the Bauer report and the Reagan radio address rankled professional educators. In a field in which terminology is all-important, calls for "old-fashioned discipline" and other nonscientific notions are immediately seen as know-nothing propaganda. The Bauer report was clearly designed to go over educators' heads to the people. Moreover, the discipline policies that prevail in most schools were drafted in the late Sixties and Seventies. The people now at the top rank of the profession are the ones responsible for those reforms; they defend them fiercely.

Nor did the report merely criticize bad theory. It directly blamed the education community for "a failure of will," maintaining that many educators lacked the courage to stand up to student hoodlums and that many were not competent to maintain order. In effect, it challenged the education community to a war over who would dictate discipline policy, just as the "Nation at Risk" report, a year before, had challenged the community for control over general education policy.

IN ALL organizations, the rule is, when you blow it, bury it. Education is no different. The unspoken pressure to bury and ignore discipline problems pervades the profession. Albert Shanker has noted the pattern: "Teachers find that if they report to the principal an assault, the principal feels that his own reputation or the school's reputation is at stake here, and will very frequently turn around and start harassing the teacher," questioning his competence, threatening him with closer observation or other pun-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ishments. Soon, Shanker argues, teachers learn to cover up disorder.

An influential teachers' handbook written back in 1955 explicitly endorses this practice: "Never call on the principal or the superintendent for help. [Every] case referred to the principal or the superintendent weakens your professional standing. . . ." According to the 1983 Boston study, students tell on their peers 65 per cent of the time, while teachers report only 28 per cent of the incidents they observe or are victims of.

Asking a principal if his school is orderly is like asking a grandmother if her granddaughter is pretty. Daniel Duke surveyed 143 principals in California and New York and found that 76 of them felt their schools were safer than the average, 62 felt their schools were about average in terms of safety, and only five felt their schools were below average.

An administrator for the Oklahoma City schools wrote that 'most schoolroom fires appear to be of little consequence,' intended 'merely' to 'disrupt routine rather than destroy property'

The problem is acute in suburban areas, where principals can get away with such distortions because people expect suburban schools to be orderly. During one conversation with a high-school principal on the Main Line outside of Philadelphia, the principal assured me that there was no discipline problem in his school. Later, I asked him how many students had been suspended that year. He checked his file and reported that two hundred students had been suspended, one-fifth of his school. I asked him if most of those suspensions were for nondisruptive misbehavior, such as attendance problems. He responded, "No, some of that would be for fighting, some for insubordination, and then some for attendance." Later that year, that principal was forced to call narcotics agents into his school to break up a drug ring.

ALMOST AS SOON as the press got hold of the Bauer report, the education community and some members of the national media joined in a campaign to discredit it. Many journalists proved to be instinctively hostile to any Reagan initiative that smacked of "law and order." Their prejudices were confirmed by their contacts in the education community. A *Time* magazine article by Ellie McGrath typified the reaction of educators and media:

> Many schools across the nation have learned to deal effectively with the breakdown in discipline that caused chaos in the nation's classrooms in the 1960s and 1970s. According to Scott Thomson, executive director of the National Association of Secondary School Principals, discipline problems are "nowhere near as bad as they were five years ago . . ."
>
> The Reagan Administration disagrees. It apparently prefers to see schools as centers of mayhem and gangsterism, the way they have been depicted on film in *The Blackboard Jungle* (1955) and in a more recent movie called *Class of 1984*. . . . The Administration has released a report, "Disorder in Our Public Schools," designed to prove that students are still at war with their teachers. One solution: more power to school administrators. To that end, the Justice Department says it is prepared to side with school authorities in discipline cases.

The *Time* excerpt includes several of the key themes of the assault on the Bauer report. First, things may have been bad once, but they are all better now. Second, those who say there is disorder in schools do so for personal or political gain, to win popularity by pandering to parental concerns about violence and disorder. Third, people who say there is disorder are simpleminded rubes who, like our old actor of a President, get their information from the movies. All these criticisms echo the familiar educator's refrain that only the professionals are qualified to judge the schools.

Through Op-Ed-page essays, through newspaper and television interviews, and through testimony before congressional committees, members of the education community got their primary message across: Disorder is not a major concern. Gary Gottfredson, director of Johns Hopkins's program on delinquency, said that it was "misleading" to say that "school disorder is an acute crisis." Floretta McKenzie, Superintendent of Schools in the District of Columbia, said it was important "not to magnify a problem that has been on the wane for several years." William Brantley, Director of Pupil Personnel for the West Chester, Pennsylvania schools, told a congressional committee, "When you compare school disorder with other issues, such as women's rights, the government's view of affirmative action, and educational equity, school discipline is not a critical area. . . . Large percentages of minorities today are far more concerned about education in the basic subject areas, exposure to new technologies, and career planning. Discipline may be a concern to minorities, but it is not a priority." (This, in contradiction to 15 years of Gallup polling.) Joseph Scherer and Jim Stimson observed in the March 1984 issue of *School Administrator* that while three million students are victims of school crime each month, three-fourths of those crimes involve less than one dollar. Jack Isch, an administrator for the Oklahoma City schools, wrote that "most schoolroom fires appear to be of little consequence." Isch cited statistics showing that the average classroom fire costs 85 cents, which means that most fires are "merely" wastebasket fires intended, in Isch's words, "to disrupt routine rather than destroy property." Floretta McKenzie suggested the reason so many parents think there is a discipline problem in schools is that they are ineffective parents who have discipline problems at home, and hence assume that their children are disruptive elsewhere.

Within days, professional educators managed to shift the debate away from the actual problem of disorder in the schools and toward a critical evaluation of the report itself. Ignoring the main thrust of the report, which was that disorder in the schools had reached intolerable levels, the establishment began chipping away at some of the minor subpoints.

For example, acknowledging that the "Safe Schools" study was dated, having been completed in the late 1970s,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Bauer report relied upon the 1983 "Making Our Schools Safe for Learning" study conducted in Boston for the tentative conclusion "that the problems described in the NIE ["Safe Schools"] report have likely worsened over time." That clause, a paraphrase from the Boston findings, became the central point of controversy, as educators leapt to point to districts in which things had not deteriorated over the previous seven years.

Some pointed out that the cost of school crime in New York City had declined from $6 million to $4.9 million between 1979 and 1983. Others reported that physical assaults on New York City teachers are said to have dropped by half over those same four years. In Miami, reported crime in schools dropped by 25 per cent. In Washington, D.C., the school administration reported that the number of students assaulted by their peers had declined from 81 cases in 1982 to 63 cases in 1983 (one wonders about reporting procedures when, out of the entire District of Columbia, only 63 fights are reported). From these statistics, educators maintained, it was clear that the discipline problem was less serious than before.

In fact, the statistics on school disorder are themselves too vague and disorderly to yield precise information about modest changes in performance. Each school district keeps track of disruption in its own way. Some distinguish between different kinds of assault, some do not. Some keep track of student victimizations, some do not. A school plagued by disorder may scarcely notice moderate incidents, while a peaceful school may treat even minor disruptions seriously. The numbers are simply too fuzzy to justify conclusions unless the degree of change is tremendous, as it was when disruptions grew dramatically between 1960 and 1978. Some recent surveys found that teachers said they faced fewer assaults now than they did in years past, but others indicated that they faced more. A 1983 American Federation of Teachers poll showed assaults rising by 53 per cent between 1977 and 1983. Using NEA polling, Oliver Moles confirms that statistic.

The wealth of contradictory evidence suggests that disorder rates have leveled off since 1978. This was the conclusion reached by Gary Gottfredson of Johns Hopkins University, who conducted a highly sophisticated review of the evidence. Gottfredson was not sympathetic to the Bauer report, but he concluded that we have reached a period "of a more or less stable level of disorder in the schools." Yet, if the level of disorder is anywhere near the level indicated by "Safe Schools," then the situation is intolerable. Nevertheless, professional educators stuck to their guns. NEA president Mary Futrell went before a congressional committee and painted a picture of a nation that had whipped the discipline problem:

> In classrooms and schools in every state, attitudes about discipline problems are changing. Once upon a time, teachers would not report discipline problems because they felt those problems reflected poorly on their teaching abilities. Once upon a time, principals would not report discipline problems because they felt those problems stigmatized the schools. That is not the case any longer. We have taken discipline problems out of the closet and we are solving them.

Mrs. Futrell made that statement in the course of hearings on school discipline convened on January 23, 1985, by Congressman Carl Perkins of Kentucky, the Democratic chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor. The hearings were clearly an attempt by the education community, using its influence over Congress, to discredit the Bauer report issued only twenty days before. Of 12 witnesses, 11 spoke against the Bauer report. The only person invited to defend the report was Gary Bauer.

Congressman Pat Williams of Montana opened the hearings by restating the familiar argument that tougher discipline is discriminatory. Gary Gottfredson followed with a summary of the data on school disorder. His estimates did not differ much from "Safe Schools." He objected to the Bauer report for three reasons: First, he said, the report misleads because it treats disorder as a crisis, when in fact it is a "chronic problem." Second, Bauer does not recommend more federal dollars for the schools. Third, Bauer advocates "freeing the hands of school personnel to deal with disciplinary problems."

Gottfredson objected to the Bauer report because it did not recommend more federal dollars for the schools and it did advocate 'freeing the hands of school personnel to deal with disciplinary problems'

Next came William Wayson, a professor of Education Policy and Leadership at Ohio State University and the chairman of the Phi Delta Kappa Commission on Discipline. Wayson's testimony typified the hearings. He argued, first, that there was a conspiracy to persuade the public that the schools are disorderly:

> There has developed in the country a set of persons and agencies with vested interest in school violence, a pedagogical militant/industrious complex, if you will, which benefits from distorting violence and discipline issues. They include politicians at all levels of government whose staff members hope that fear and ignorance can . . . extract votes from the fearful and ill informed.

Wayson was hostile toward the concerns of parents:

> Even the nearly cliché reporting of the Gallup poll in which every year respondents list school discipline as the number-one problem in the schools fails to recognize that opinions, concerns, and even severe personal trauma about a problem do not prove that the problem actually exists.

Teachers' perceptions were also dismissed:

> Reports of fear are often treated as if they are grounded in truth or have some real basis when in fact they more often derive from timidity, prejudice, or displaced anxieties . . .

Racism, he explained, is the real cause of high suspension rates:

> During desegregation, for example, school-board policies and practices will frequently allow these suspension rates to soar simply to prove that the kids are violent . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two witnesses followed Wayson and reiterated some of his points. One was a student from Brooklyn brought to testify by a children's-rights advocacy group, and the other was Jack Isch from Oklahoma City. The combined weight of the day's four witnesses clearly persuaded some already sympathetic congressmen. Pat Williams summarized:

> This panel comes before us and without exception indicates that while, of course, we want discipline in our schools, it is indeed not a problem which should attract the undivided attention of the most powerful public official in the world. So it is puzzling why the President would focus the nation's attention on discipline. I suspect he is doing it as a diversionary tactic to take the proper focus away from the real problems in our public schools.

A few congressmen protested the evident bias of the hearings, but to no avail. The committee went on with its mission. At the conclusion of the hearings, it recommended no action, thereby suggesting that disorder was a phony issue trumped up by the Administration for political reasons.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE lasted as a major national issue for about three weeks. In the first week of January 1984, the Department of Education released the Bauer report; the President summarized the report in his weekly radio address and delivered several speeches to focus attention on school disorder. By the second week, major newspapers and magazines were running articles criticizing the Bauer report and echoing the positions of the education community. During the third week, efforts by professional educators to discredit the report were in full swing, generating a good deal of adverse publicity for the Administration. The one-sided testimony before Congress capped the effort to shove school disorder out of the limelight. After the committee hearings, the Administration seemed to bow to the overwhelming pressure to bury the discipline issue. Bauer concedes that it was killed quickly, but he insisted, six months later, that it was part of the Administration's strategy to publicize such issues in cycles:

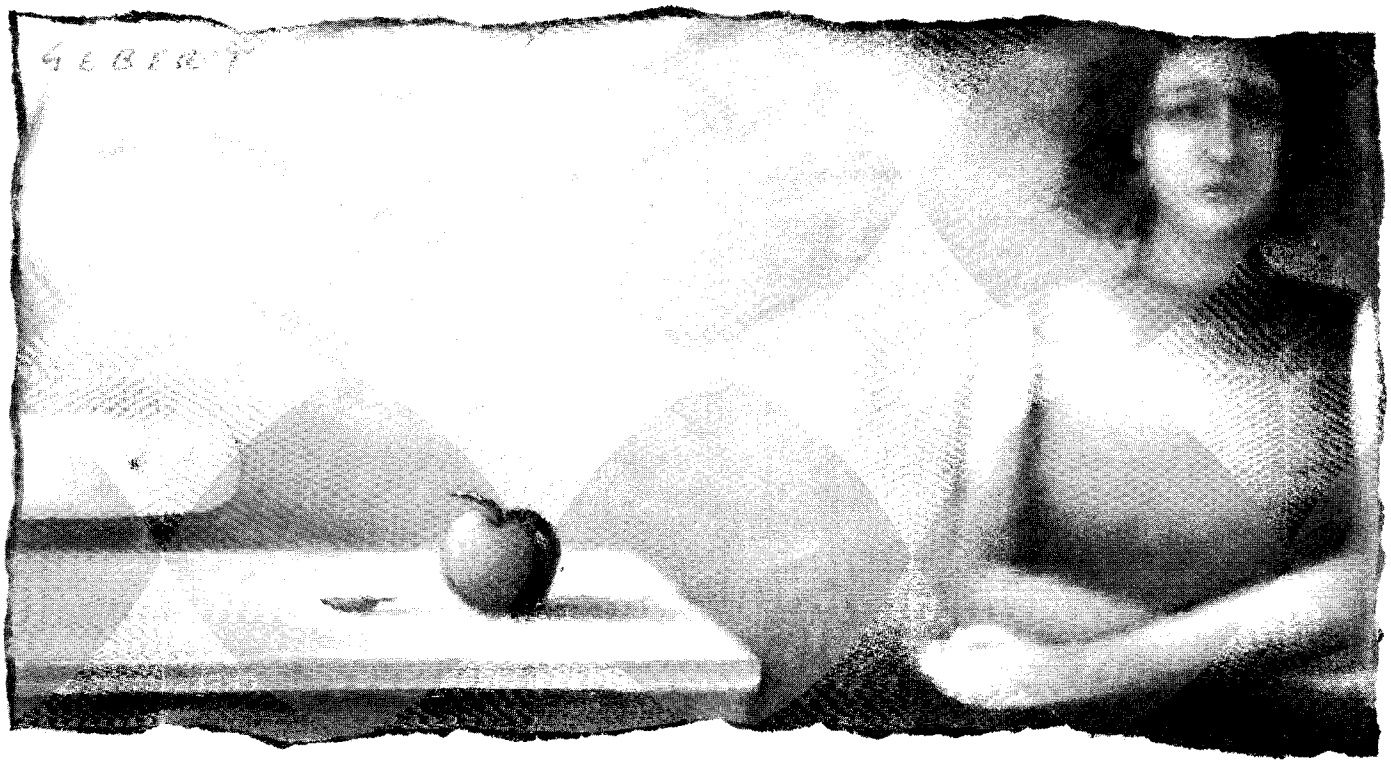
> I think the educational establishment is wrong when they conclude that because we're not saying anything about discipline any longer, it is no longer an issue. Our approach has been to raise these things in cycles, and I'm sure we'll play each of them again between now and the end of the President's term.

But the Administration did not return to discipline before the end of the President's first term. It was not an issue in the 1984 presidential campaign. Mr. Reagan did raise the question briefly on February 28, 1985, before a luncheon of the National Association of Independent Schools, but as of this writing, that has been the only significant mention of school disorder by the President. Having felt once the tremendous wrath of the education establishment, the Administration has no incentive, beyond conviction, to take up the battle again.

Gary Bauer's experience with school discipline was typical of those who tried, during the 1983-84 excellence campaign, to reform the public-school system. In the October 1984 *Commentary*, Joseph Adelson summarized the response of the educational community to calls for reform:

> What was troubling, and unexpected, was the appearance of rhetorical strategies which seemed to aim at denying the very existence of problems in education. In various ways, these problems were said to never have existed, to have been distorted, to have been misunderstood, to be only a small part of the total picture, to be a thing of the past, and so on. To a clinical psychologist like myself, these devices seemed eerily familiar: denial, negation, splitting, externalization, displacement.

By the end of January 1984, the discipline push was over. No important policymakers were paying attention to the problem of disorder. The educational community was off fighting other battles. Any immediate hope for shedding light on the problem, or for working toward a solution, was dead. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help !!!!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Glorobots

Loud-grumbled a robot named Dan,
"Although I may look like a man,
Strong, handsome, and tall,
I am, after all,
Just a large, intellectual can."

A robot who spoke to perfection
Took a speech class by election,
And made easy A's
On the memory phase
But flunked out on vocal inflection.

A young robot tickled his chin,
Which so titillated his tin
He exclaimed in a glow
Of erotica, "Oh,
This must be original sin!"

GLORIA A. MAXSON

"Then the fat lady sang, but to my dismay it still wasn't over."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY THE MEDIA'S MILITARY COVERAGE MISSES THE MARK

AN INTELLIGENT READER of the general press should, presumably, be able to learn the state of our military. Twelve years of military journalism have persuaded me that he cannot. The chief obstacle to understanding, unsurprisingly, is the press itself. But the problem is not so much the press's political bias, which conservatives have so frequently criticized, as its institutional incompetence. Conveying the extent of the problem is difficult because most people, never having been exposed to accurate military journalism, do not know that a problem exists. Yet I have seldom investigated a military story without discovering the published accounts to be badly confused.

As an example, consider the following, encountered while studying Divad, the Army's now-canceled anti-aircraft gun. These incidents are not unusual: I could adduce a similar list for almost any story I have covered.

George Wilson, lead military writer for the *Washington Post*, wrote that Divad "mistook almost half the 180 decoys sent against it for real targets." There were no decoys; indeed, the Army has none. The story was nonsense. Apparently Wilson read the phrase "false target"—a term used in radar for random reflections that could be targets but aren't—guessed that it meant decoys, and did not bother to check. All radars—that is, all working radars—pick up "false targets." A radar can be adjusted to pick up more or fewer false targets, but as it is adjusted downward it will detect fewer true targets, especially at great range. One of the primary jobs of radar operators is to pick out real targets, an important skill, but one that has been learned by tens of thousands of enlisted men. The *Post* has been making this sort of error for years.

These things propagate, mutating wildly. The *Chicago Tribune* editorialized: "It has been reliably reported that in tests this summer the Divad mistook 180 decoy signals fed into its radar as real targets." It is hard to say which is less reliable—Divad, or the "reliable reports." Editorial writers are regularly inaccurate because as nonspecialists they have nothing but "reliable reports," i.e., usually clippings of inaccurate stories, on which to rely.

Repeatedly, Divad was reported to have "locked on to a latrine fan." First of all, it wasn't a latrine fan. That might not seem important until one considers how much less play that story would have gotten if "latrine" had been dropped, and how much less effective as anti-Divad and anti-military propaganda it would have been. Reporters care about the coverage, not (mostly) about the propaganda, but since effective distortions are what propaganda is made of, the reporters' motivations hardly matter. And the story was a distortion. Divad didn't "lock on" to the fan. (Reporters seem to use that term reflexively in any sentence containing the word radar, though it has a highly specific meaning.) Divad's radar *saw* the fan. Divad used a Doppler radar. A fan in constant radial motion necessarily produces a Doppler return, and Divad detected it. It no more "locked on" than a soldier with a searchlight would "lock on" to trees and bushes in addition to whatever he was searching for.

According to stories based on reports released by Senator Mark Andrews of North Dakota, in tests Divad had to be heated with a hairdrier to start in cold weather. The "Divad" in question was a prototype built with un-winterized commercial components, i.e., it wasn't Divad.

During Divad's final tests, many papers (e.g., the *Detroit Free Press*) reported that it failed to achieve a single direct hit on its targets. Divad's ammunition was proximity-fused, meaning that it explodes when it approaches within a certain range. A direct hit is consequently impossible unless the fuse malfunctions.

Divad was eventually canceled, for the very good reason that it failed decisively in tests. Nevertheless, coverage of Divad typified the press's incomprehension of military questions as well as its customary, culpable negligence. (I might add here that when I spent a couple of days with the gun at Fort Bliss, many other common assertions about it proved obviously wrong.)

Militant Incompetence

SIMILAR STORIES appear about all weapons, good, bad, and arguable. For example, in his book *Military Incompetence*, Richard Gabriel asserts that Grenada showed the Army's UH-60 helicopters to be its most vulnerable, which they are not, because some were shot down by ZSU-23s, ferocious automatic cannons that he alternately describes as small arms and machine guns, neither of which they are, except they were really ZU-23s, a quite different gun.

Reporters on average are phenomenally ignorant of the military. To begin with, few have served, and as the draft recedes the number falls. Further, the military is a formidable field of study, and few reporters, to put it charitably, are intellectuals. The news industry attracts combative, modestly intelligent men with little bent for reflection or study. They seem not to read. I once asked whether reporters could check out books from the Pentagon library. The librarian didn't know,

Mr. Reed, military columnist for the Washington Times, *has been writing about war since 1973.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she said, because no one had ever asked.

In Honduras once, I boarded a C-130—a four-engine transport—to go to Olancho. I found myself sitting next to a woman from one of the news weeklies. We were going into triple-canopy jungle, and she was wearing high heels. She turned to me and, so help me, asked, "Is this a chopper?" Stupefaction and courtesy kept me from saying, "Sure, sweetheart, but they got a little problem with the hover."

As I write, Washington's newspapers report that Jonas Savimbi's men have shot down a MiG-24 and an MI-25 helicopter. Neither exists.

The military grows increasingly technological, yet few reporters have even a bushman's understanding of the sciences. George Wilson once wrote that Tigerfish torpedoes, initially reported to have been used in the Falklands war, used radar to find their targets. Radar does not propagate underwater. A military writer should have an undergraduate degree in the physical sciences. He should have a fairish grasp of computer programming and electronics, know the outlines of microcircuitry, and be comfortable with calculus and classical mechanics. Then when he goes to write about, say, submarines, he will be able to understand his sources when they start chattering about convergence zones, the deep sound channel, and directional arrays. If he can't understand his sources he has no choice but to parrot them, whichever side they are on. A chemistry student in his junior year would find all this a negligible burden. But journalists major in the liberal arts, or worse, journalism. In my experience they resent what they cannot understand and won't learn it.

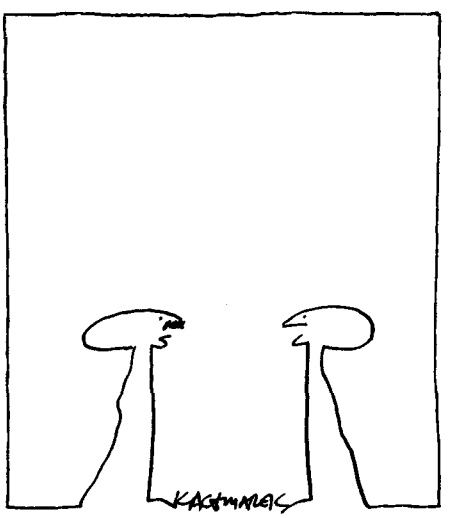
In particular, reporters know nothing about engineering yet they spend much of their time covering complex engineering projects, namely the development of weapons. It is in the nature of all development projects to fail repeatedly as the engineers test and fix, test and fix. A competent reporter needs to be able to distinguish a genuine defect from a routine glitch, or at least to know when he cannot make the distinction. Few can. The result is that everything is reported to have failed regardless of whether it really has.

Engineers do many odd-seeming things that really are perfectly sensible if you understand the reasons for them. Their technical writings assume that the reader does understand. A reporter working from a leaked report is likely to see in it things that just aren't there. An engineer, for instance, may throw together a test-of-principle model of a weapon using parts from Radio Shack to test some particular innovation, such as new software. The contraption is electrically identical to the finished product and consequently perfectly adequate for his purpose, but it fails whenever it is bumped or the humidity rises. Reporters are quite capable of seeing this as inherent unreliability, as witness Divad's hairdrier.

Hardware Hooey

TESTING OF hardware follows principles that all engineers understand but that reporters often refuse to. Suppose that an engineer is testing ten tanks to see how the transmissions stand up to normal use. Suppose that one transmission breaks when the tank falls over a cliff, another burns up because a mechanic forgot to put fluid in it, and a third fails when the driver, having lost his brakes on a steep grade, has to put the tank into reverse at 45 mph to stop it. The engineer will ignore these catastrophes in calculating his failure rate because he is measuring reliability in normal use. I have seen reporters (in the case of the M-1) conclude that the tests were rigged.

Unreliable hardware is a serious problem, and the military does sometimes rig tests, or at least sort of rig them. But indiscriminate, uninformed criticism harms the military and eventually discredits its critics, which hurts the military even more.



"Within the context of total ignorance, you're absolutely right."

Diligent and, more importantly, interested reportage could make up for a lot of scientific ignorance. A good military reporter has to be interested enough in his subject to go out into the field and see how it works. Instead, most newsmen cover the military almost entirely from Washington, chiefly from leaks, reports, counter-reports, press conferences, and assertions by politicians. They seldom go to the bases to check the assertions against reality. When they do go to a base, they virtually never spend time in the field, as distinct from interviewing generals and watching demonstrations.

They cover the military without seeing it. The result is a weird abstraction, far removed from reality. What one finds in the divisions often has little relation to what Washington believes. For example, in 1979 there was much argument, chiefly statistical, as to the quality of the new All-Volunteer Army. At the time I was out in the field a good deal for *Army Times*—among other things, going on maneuvers with the armor at Fort Hood and through the jungle-warfare school at Fort Sherman in Panama. The troops were surly, dull-witted, puzzled by their training, and almost insubordinate. The NCOs in Panama were bitter and planned to leave the Army. My tank crew periodically went into the bushes to smoke dope. Something close to racial war existed. The tanks themselves were decrepit, over-mileage, under-equipped: In 23-degree weather and heavy sleet, only one tank in the company had a functioning heater. Commanders complained that Hispanics refused to speak English on the radio net. (None of this is generally true now.)

The All-Vol was visibly in terrible shape. Why didn't anybody go look?

In Washington one quickly finds that far too much military coverage, particularly in slick magazines, comes from too few sources. Finding sources isn't easy, especially for the bright young Ivy Leaguer who is looking to launch his career with a devastating exposé. The military is secretive and hostile to the press, and it particularly dislikes young intellectuals. If you can't get the sources you need, you use the sources you can get.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is in Washington a group of perhaps 15 people, loosely associated with the military reformers, who are always available to the press and almost always critical of the military, e.g., Paul Hoven, Joe Burnese, Dana Rasor, Tom Amlie, Pierre Sprey, John Boyd, Ernie Fitzgerald, Bob Dilger, Bill Lind, Chuck Spinney. Hoven, Burnese, and Rasor run the Project on Military Procurement, a group specifically set up to inform, or lobby, the press about defective weapons. Most of these reformers are articulate, egotistical, polarized by years of polemical warfare, and superb publicists. All are worth listening to, but intentionally or not, they frequently put a heavy spin on the ball, telling half a story, simplifying too much, providing out-of-date data. In dealing with them, a reporter must either know them well or count his change carefully. Many don't.

In 1984, when I became a policy writer for the *Washington Times*, these folk volunteered persuasive criticisms of nearly everything the military ever did, built, or thought. They had numbers, charts, patter, and availability—inevitability, I might almost say.

I was puzzled. I then knew little of big-ticket weaponry, yet I knew, as so many veterans of Vietnam knew, that the military did indeed sometimes buy bad weapons—the M-16, for example. Still, I instinctively mistrusted the critics. As an experiment I solicited all their objections to the M-1 and then badgered the Army into letting me test the tank against the criticisms. I timed the beast with a stopwatch, fired it under various conditions, played with the stabilization, watched it do this and that, and generally made a nuisance of myself.

In every objectively verifiable instance, the Army was telling the truth and the critics were mistaken. For various reasons this did not establish whether the M-1 was or wasn't a great tank, but it taught me a great deal about the critics. Incidentally, many of their objections were clearly wrong to anyone who bothered to read the manual.

Of course there is a bias underlying all this incompetence, else there would be less of it. But to call the bias left-wing would be, in most cases, to dignify it beyond its due. The real bias is much less articulate: The press doesn't *like* the military. That much is evident from the nature of its criticism. It is very hard to find a story on the military that doesn't say that something costs too much, doesn't work, or isn't needed; that the generals are either planning for the last war or fantasizing a hyper-technologized future; that the military has done something stupid or heinous, doesn't understand strategy, tactics, or warfare, or mistreats minorities.

In all this there is a crucial tendency so obvious that its significance is often overlooked. The military is routinely portrayed not just as humanly fallible, but as wantonly stupid or comedic. Divad has to be warmed, chuckle, with a hairdrier, and it locks on to a latrine fan, ho ho, or to a bunch of generals. This is caricature, not reporting.

Brigadier Bozos

CONSISTENT WITH the caricature, the media for the most part exclude from their pages or broadcasts articulate expressions of the military's side of questions. I doubt that any editor in Washington could survive five minutes of debate with John Lehman about the virtues of aircraft carriers. But regardless of whether Mr. Lehman is right, most people will never hear his views. As for informed commentary, although we have political columns, women's columns, black columns, science columns, columns about cities and health and cats, so far as I know, mine is the country's only military column.

It is part of the caricature that the press favors only foreign weapons or weapons the Pentagon doesn't want. *The Atlantic* recently ran outrageous puff pieces on Northrop's F-20, a good plane that the Air Force perhaps wrongly doesn't want, and on Israel's Merkava tank. The Merkava is a fairish, imaginative, underpowered, overrated tank with lots of American technology. But *The Atlantic* praised the Merkava effusively for having precisely the sophisticated characteristics—computerized fire-control, extreme range, stabilized turret—for which the M-1 has constantly been criticized. The Israelis are brilliant, and the Americans fools, for going hi-tech.

From years of experience I know that it is easy to sell an editor a piece critical of the military, almost without regard to its plausibility, but very nearly impossible to sell a favorable piece. Time and again, as I set out on a military story, I have had editors say, "I hope you find some really weird people," or, "I like stories about some gadget that doesn't work." A mention of "toy" and "tank" in the same breath elicits a knowing chuckle. Judging from my very limited opportunities for comparison, I am not sure that conservative publications differ from liberal ones.

However deplorable, though, the press's caricature of the military does not suggest a bias of hard-left anti-Americanism. If that were the press's bias the military would be portrayed as less stupid and more evil. The conflict is more a matter of personalities, and personal values. Reporters are cosmopolitan, anarchic, cynical, and not at all respectful of authority; the military is exactly the opposite, with predictable results. The military is simpleminded, anti-intellectual, and disposed to speak fervently of honor, duty, sacrifice, and faith in God; all of this makes magazine editors cringe.

But though media types dislike the military they don't want to abolish it. Indeed, that's part of their problem. Like most people they fear war, dislike spending money on increasingly terrible ways to hurt and kill strangers for whom they have no dislike, but cannot see a real way out of the dilemma. By condoning the necessity of a military, one inescapably commits oneself to an adequate military, which means a sizable one, and to an efficient military, which means . . . At this point, Mr. Editor, you begin to sound like one of those Pentagon colonels who always make you cringe.

Psychologically the solution is to avoid specifics, instead living in an amorphous hostility to the military made palatable by the belief that one is really against waste or giving our boys bad weapons. This explains why press coverage so palpably seeks to punish or exorcise rather than explain, why editors don't want to hear that their stories are wrong. To present the military fairly is to legitimize it.

How can things be improved? The most likely way is for conservative editors and writers, who are more comfortable with the personal values of military men, to start serious, military coverage of military subjects, as distinct from merely approving of large defense budgets. Nobody else is going to do it. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now all you have to do to give NATIONAL REVIEW this Christmas is

DIAL 800-341-1522

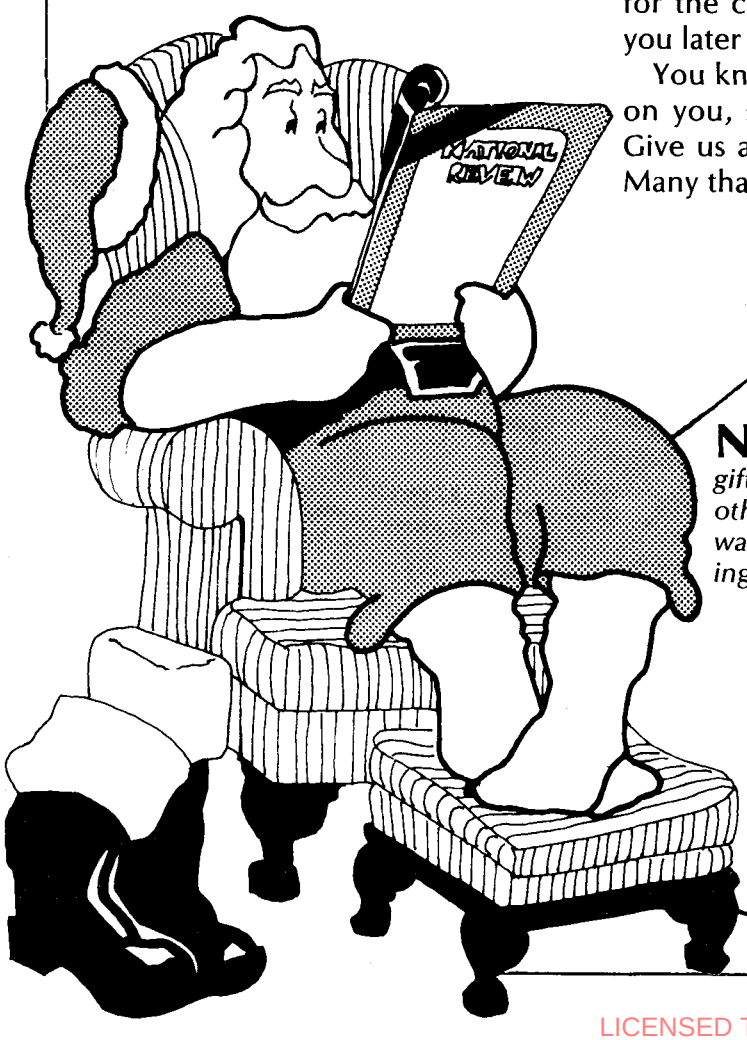
DATATEL 800 TM

(TOLL FREE)

Really, nothing could be easier. This year solve your Christmas gift problems simply by picking up your phone and dialing our special gift hot line. That's all it takes to give someone *National Review* for Christmas—a gift even the hardest-to-please person on your list is sure to appreciate. And they'll remember you for it all year, every time a new issue of NR arrives. Surely *National Review* would make an ideal gift for many people on your list? For friends, relatives, business associates—certainly students—NR is an especially impressive (indeed, flattering) way to express your Holiday Greetings. And obviously this new dial-a-gift service is the quintessence of convenience (no wrapping, mailing, standing in line, etc.). You can handle the whole thing right from your own home or office.

So shop early and easily. Just call 800-341-1522, and order as many full-year subscriptions as you please at our special holiday price of just $25 each. We'll time the first NR issue to arrive just before Christmas along with a handsome gift announcement card in your name. (We'll also pay for the call plus all postage and handling, and bill you later too—quite a bargain.)

You know the holidays have a way of sneaking up on you, so there's no point in putting things off. Give us a call now, while you're thinking about it? Many thanks.



N.B. *This special number is for Christmas gifts only; our operators cannot handle any other business, queries, etc. If the line is busy, wait a few minutes and call again. We're waiting to hear from you.*

So pick up the phone and dial that toll-free number.

You can use it to place your order anytime from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. (Fridays till 5 p.m.) Eastern time. All gifts just $25 each, for which we'll bill you later. The important thing is to do it now—shop early and often! (And an early Merry Christmas to you too.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS COLOMBIA NEXT?

On November 6, thirty to forty terrorists from the Colombian April 19 Movement (M-19) seized the Palace of Justice in Bogotá, taking hostage 22 of the nation's 23 supreme court justices. President Belisario Betancur ordered the building stormed. In the ensuing battle, 11 of the justices were killed, at least six of them deliberately executed by the guerrillas. Two weeks before, an M-19 hit squad attempted to assassinate Colombia's top military officer, General Rafael Samudio Molina. He escaped with minor injuries.

These attacks made headlines around the world. The underlying story, however, has received less attention, particularly in the United States. These incidents, along with a recent spate of attacks on Colombian military barracks and police stations, plus a collection of evidence from other South American countries, suggest that parts of South America may soon be victimized by levels of subversion and revolutionary violence comparable to what Central America has been experiencing since the late 1970s. The prime exporters are once again Cuba and Nicaragua, but especially Nicaragua.* There is evidence, for instance, of these countries' support for stepped-up guerrilla and subversive activities in Peru and Chile.

The special object of the Sandinistas' affections, however, seems to be Colombia. There is certainly good reason to believe the Sandinistas have firm ties to M-19, the group responsible for the murders at the Palace of Justice. The Sandinistas are interested in Colombia, it seems, not only because that nation is a good candidate for destabilization, but also because Colombia has something both the Sandinistas and their allies want, the San Andrés and Providencia Islands, claimed by both Colombia and Nicaragua for many years but awarded by treaty to Colombia in 1928.

Some of the evidence for Nicaraguan entanglement with Colombian subversives is inferential, like that furnished by Senator Paula Hawkins of Florida. In August 1984, Senator Hawkins released photographs that she claims show Federico Vaughn, a close aide to Nicaraguan Interior Minister Tomás Borge, and Colombian Congressman Pablo Escobar loading duffel bags onto an airplane parked at the Los Brasiles military airport near Managua. Senator Hawkins alleges that the plane, an aging C-123 transport, had been equipped with a hidden camera and was piloted by an undercover agent of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. When the aircraft landed in Louisiana, U.S. officials examined the duffel bags and discovered eight hundred pounds of cocaine. Since Colombia's guerrilla groups are known to be heavily involved in the production and distribution of cocaine, it is reasonable to infer that the Sandinistas, like their Cuban mentors, are part of the Latin American "narco-terror" network.

A more alarming allegation of Sandinista troublemaking appeared in the Colombian newspaper *El Siglo* on December 29, 1984. *El Siglo* reported that members of the Colombian Fourth Brigade and the Medellín Customs Police boarded a Panamanian airplane at the Olaya Herrera International Airport, arrested three persons, and confiscated 2,238 cartridges, forty ammunition carriers, 15 ammunition clips, and 16 gun belts. The authorities believe the matériel came from Nicaragua.

According to General Rafael Padilla Vergara, commander of the Fourth Brigade, a document captured in the operation reveals that several hundred members of the Communist Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) and M-19 are being trained in Nicaragua. The document also allegedly discloses Cuban plans to deliver heavy artillery to Colombia's guerrilla forces, and calls for an invasion of the San Andrés and Providencia Islands by armed subversives. What seemed to be brewing was the renewal of large-scale guerrilla warfare next year.

Betancur's Truce

When the *El Siglo* story appeared, Colombia was enjoying its first period of comparative domestic peace in forty years. This was due chiefly to the indefatigable efforts of President Betancur, who persuaded leaders of four of the country's five largest guerrilla groups to sign a ceasefire agreement. The truce was to last for one year and, if all went well, would be followed by a formal peace pact. In the meantime, the guerrillas were permitted to organize politically and form opposition parties.

But in October 1984—two months after the ceasefire agreement was signed by M-19 and five months after it was signed by FARC—Colombian Defense Minister General Miguel Vega claimed that government intelligence agents had captured FARC planning documents that call for the creation of a 36,000-man "People's Army." Also in October, intelligence officials claimed that Havana's America Department, which seeks to coordinate guerrilla activities in Latin America, had instructed the Colombian Communist Party to

Mr. Lewis is a Hoover Institution Public Affairs Fellow, currently doing research at the Heritage Foundation.

*Anyone who still doubts that the Sandinistas are providing arms, logistical support, and training to subversive groups in Central America should consult the State Department's latest monograph on the subject, "Revolution beyond Our Borders" (Special Report No. 132, September 1985). Based almost solely on open sources, including documents captured from member organizations of the Salvadoran guerrilla movement, this informative volume thoroughly documents the Sandinistas' Central American activities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intensify the "political struggle," while helping the guerrillas build an armed force of at least "twenty thousand properly trained men." Since then, the situation has steadily deteriorated, with clashes between the Colombian army and M-19 formations occurring almost daily. What is worse, the guerrillas appear to be stronger than ever.

On May 27 of this year, General Vega warned that M-19's urban-based "Camps for Democracy and Peace," in addition to carrying on legitimate political activities, were also giving military instruction to youths from the city slums. Ten such camps were operating in Cali, five in Medellín, and several in other cities and townships, Vega said. On June 20, leaders of FARC, M-19, and five other guerrilla groups met in secret to patch up their differences. To the surprise of police and army intelligence personnel, the rebel commanders signed a "unity of action" accord. The next day, M-19 leader Carlos Pizarro pronounced the truce "virtually broken." As we now know, these words signaled the beginning of an intensified campaign of assassination and terror, leading up to the seizure of the Palace of Justice.

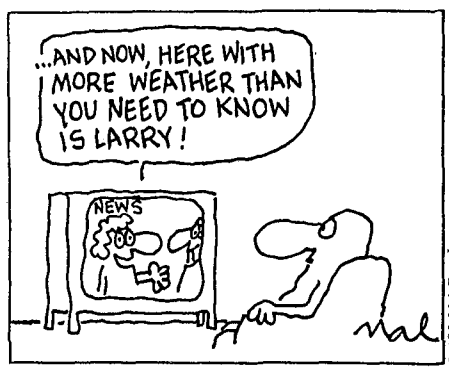
As for the San Andrés and Providencia Islands, renewed guerrilla warfare in Colombia might give the Sandinistas the chance to seize them, not by means of a direct invasion but through surrogate forces. Colombian guerrillas, armed by the Sandinistas, might, for instance, take the islands and declare them independent, and then later affiliate them with Nicaragua. Certainly the Sandinistas want the islands, which lie only 150 to two hundred miles off the east coast of Nicaragua and 450 miles north of Colombia. Indeed, within five months of taking power, the Sandinistas announced they would repudiate the 1928 treaty, claiming that the agreement had been imposed on Nicaragua by the United States. To Daniel Ortega, Nicaragua's nullification of the treaty was nothing less than a "patriotic and revolutionary duty." And in 1980, the Colombian government accused Nicaragua of sending spies to the islands, to report on military defense preparedness and to smuggle in weapons.

The Colombian government does not take the Nicaraguan threat lightly. In 1980 Colombian President Julio César Turbay Ayala assembled 21 of 22 state governors, 13 cabinet members, and several agency heads, and flew to San Andrés to restake Colombia's claim. Belisario Betancur, the current president, has repeatedly asserted his country's treaty rights to the islands. The Colombian navy recently acquired four new corvettes, which carry Exocet missiles, and it plans to build a base in the Providencia Archipelago with a special wharf for corvettes, submarines, and surveillance craft.

Honest Dan

In November of last year, Daniel Ortega announced that Nicaragua was no longer interested in extending her sovereignty over the islands. His sincerity may be doubted, however, since he made the announcement to a member of the Colombian delegation monitoring Nicaragua's largely fraudulent elections. Moreover, Ortega's announcement came only two weeks after the Colombian Senate Foreign Relations Committee, angered by Ortega's claim to the islands, refused to ratify a treaty for technical cooperation and trade with Nicaragua.

But why is Nicaragua so interested in acquiring San Andrés and Providencia? To begin with, as Thomas Anderson has pointed out in *Geopolitics of the Caribbean*, possession of the islands would probably triple Nicaragua's territorial claims in the Caribbean. Second, the islands lie along the main sea lanes between the Panama Canal and both the Yucatan Channel and the Windward Passage. The Yucatan Channel and the Windward Passage are the two most important maritime links between the U.S. and Caribbean waters, and American shipping is already vulnerable to attack in these passageways by Cuba's two hundred MiG aircraft, fifty fast patrol boats armed with missiles and torpedoes, two frigates, and three submarines. If the Cubans were free to operate from San Andrés and Providencia, the safety of American maritime commerce would be further jeopardized. Large interests are thus affected by the disposition of these tiny islands: More than 40 per cent of all the foreign tonnage entering American ports passes through Caribbean waters, as does approximately 50 per cent of our imported oil.



A third reason Nicaragua may want to acquire the islands is that they guard the northern approaches to the San Juan River, and hence to the Caribbean entrance of any future Nicaraguan canal. In March 1983, Costa Rican Foreign Minister Fernando Volio Jiménez accused Managua of having made a secret agreement with Moscow to build an interoceanic canal across the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua. Apparently, no canal-building activity has occurred as yet, perhaps because the Sandinistas have not succeeded in pacifying the country's Atlantic coast, or because they are afraid of what Ronald Reagan might do. For a Nicaraguan canal would enable the Soviet navy, already a formidable presence in the Caribbean, to deploy freely on both sides of the Central American isthmus. It would thus significantly enhance Soviet capabilities for projecting power in the Western Hemisphere. In any event, such a canal is technically feasible; but to secure the approaches to it, Nicaragua would have to control San Andrés and Providencia.

Attractive Target

Colombia is one of the longest-lived democracies in South America. It shares a common border with five other nations (Panama, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, and Venezuela). It is the only South American country with extensive coasts on both oceans, and it is close to the Panama Canal. The outbreak of an uncontrollable insurgency in Colombia would upset the stability and security of all non-Communist states in the region.

Will Nicaragua increase the flow of Soviet- and Cuban-supplied matériel to South American guerrillas? Would the Sandinistas dare to give open support to an insurgency in San Andrés? The most prudent answer is: It depends. And what it depends on includes events in the United States, above all the outcome of the 1986 and 1988 elections. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW MANY COMMUNISTS IN EASTERN EUROPE?

NOT LONG AGO the scion of an old ruling family of Northern Europe, a man very active in cultural affairs, told me about his meeting with a high-ranking Soviet official who had wished to see him about some matter of common interest. Talk soon turned to politics. The conversation became more and more frank, and more and more amicable, until the Russian finally told the prince: "Your ancestors exploited the masses in the name of an almighty God, but we do much better: We exploit the people in their own name!"

Experiences like this raise the rather important question: How many convinced Communists are there in the "Communist world"? In the various countries of Eastern Europe, the Communist regime has now lasted from forty to seventy years. This means that two or three generations have gone through Communist-dominated schools. How strong is the impact of the media as well as of education on the minds of the people?

The immediate answer is simple: Except in one country, this impact is weak, very weak. In this respect, the countries of Eastern Europe differ considerably from Italy and Germany before 1943 and 1945 respectively, where majorities undoubtedly supported totalitarian regimes with some degree of enthusiasm. Mussolini's biographer Renzo de Felice insists that in the early 1930s the vast majority of Italians supported *il Duce*, a statement that brings howls of indignation from the Italian Left. Hitler's National Socialist Party was by far the largest party in Germany in the Thirties, and with the Communist Party added in, the totalitarian parties had the loyalty of nearly two-thirds of the German people.

Yet their popularity was not spread evenly throughout the whole country. The National Socialists' greatest strength was in the east, north, and center; the Communists', in the north and center. In 1945 the Soviets simply demanded that part of Germany which had always been attracted to Socialism, National or International. East Germany, significantly, is the one European Communist country where there is a substantial number of committed Communists.

Apart from East Germany, how deep does Marxist conviction run? We might assume that within the leadership, the *Nomenklatura*, the rate of convinced Marxists would be higher than among the people; but so is the number of cynics who are fully aware of the economic failure of Socialism. Certainly, it is not true that the entire leadership is merely cynical and power hungry. It is quite possible for the *libido dominandi*, the lust for domination, to go hand in hand with a solid ideological conviction. I believe this to have been the case with Khrushchev, a primitive, uneducated man who quite naïvely believed in Communism. One can imagine, however, that after his sudden fall he became disillusioned with his secular creed; according to fairly reliable information, he received the sacraments on his deathbed.

I have not been to the USSR since the late 1960s; but at that time, in the course of six weeks, I encountered only two men (one born a Czech) who firmly believed in Marxism and Communism. Interestingly enough, I found a larger number of committed women; the most likely explanation being that they are so brutally exploited by the system that they simply cannot face the truth that all their sacrifices have been for nothing. My own estimate was that the convinced Communists amounted to around 4 or 5 per cent. The Yugoslav dissident Mihajlo Mihajlov puts the figure even lower: 2 per cent at the most.

The number of Communist Party members runs to around 6 per cent of the total population, but this does not mean much: The most violent anti-Communists I met were CPSU members. Some had become disillusioned and felt cheated, but some had always been anti-Communists and had joined the Party as camouflage. In Russia there seemed to be a good deal more patriotism than Communism. I met officers who hotly denied that they were Communists. One, who never drank or smoked because he was an Old Believer, told me that his father would not have shaken hands with a man who indulged in either of these vices.

ONLY THIS month in Munich I met two Czechs on their way to France where they were to make purchases for their government. According to their estimate, practically nobody in Czechoslovakia believes in Communism. In Poland belief in Communism is almost non-existent, and the same is true of Hungary. I can hardly imagine that General Jaruzelski, a member of the lower nobility, believes in Communism any more than General Pilsudski, another nobleman, believed in Socialism, although for years he was a leader of the Polish Socialist Party. Does Comrade Kádár, who was fiendishly tortured by the Rákosi government, believe in Communism?

This clinging to the forms of Communism without any inner conviction is not due only to lack of character and fortitude, plus the desire to remain at the trough; these people have a valid excuse, since trying to break away from the Russian alliance would mean the total loss of their national identity. It would bring about *total* Russian control. And even in the days of Pan-Slavism, no Pole or Czech—let alone the non-Slavic Hungarians—wanted that. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WANTED: new readers who would enjoy National Review as much as you do. You can help us find such new NR-persons by using the card facing this page now. Give it to some friend of yours with your recommendation (the best advertising we can get!). Or use the card yourself, to send an introductory subscription to someone you know would appreciate it — you may well be starting a lifetime friendship. And you will be doing us the kind of favor only you can do. Thanks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLIDAYS AND HOLINESS

DECEMBER IS the calmest month. Chanukah and Christmas fill its weeks with thoughts of humility, earthiness, and peace.

It is also the month in which the Lord showed His "preferential option for the poor." Having the power to choose, He chose to be born among the poor, in the pattern of so many of the prophets before Him. Indeed, when one thinks of it, the whole people of Judaea were poor indeed. For them, even water and shade were scarce and precious. Surrounded by desert, Jerusalem was a tiny trading center—how tiny can be seen from the extant walls of the Old City. Jerusalem was no worldly match for Rome, Athens, Alexandria.

"Ideas," Richard Weaver wrote, "have consequences." Much faster than ideas, glitter and power perish in history. Ideas also die, of course, as the idea of socialism has. Not those, however, of Jerusalem, outlying and poor, which have by now changed the world. Perhaps more than any other people in history, the Jews have cherished ideas and loved the life of the mind. Through them, Christianity too was infused with intellectual passion. Together, Judaism and Christianity have taught mankind the power of ideas in changing history.

For a Biblical people, taught of God, how could it be otherwise? The Bible is told in story form, not only in the plain sense that it presents the narrative of an extraordinary people, but also in the deeper sense that it builds into chapter after chapter a special form of suspense. In any given chapter, will David be unfaithful to his Lord, or loyal? One never knows for sure. Relentlessly, the Biblical authors focus on human will. And, hence, on the dignity of man and woman.

Four ideas a Biblical people learned about human nature and destiny, down the centuries, ideas that in recent times have become virtually universal.

First, human existence is not to be imagined as if in cycles of endless return, static and unchanging. Human existence has narrative form. *E pur si muove!* Human existence is historical, and it is the vocation of Jews and Christians (and humanists who absorb a world view from them), not merely to be resigned to history, but to change it. That is why those humble territories of the earth where Jews and Christians gather have long been the major centers of historical energy and dynamism, have transformed the world.

Second, the Bible has taught Jews and Christians for millennia that the Lord God Jehovah knows the name of every single human being, numbers the hairs (as I find particularly comforting) on each of our heads, feels deep groaning for us—and that, therefore, we possess an *inalienable* dignity, coming from no state, no circumstance of birth, no social position, but from our Creator.

Third, that the location of this dignity is in our own intellects and in our wills. *These* make us to be "persons." In the Bible, to be a person is to be an originating center of insight, judgment, choice, and act; a player in a drama, in an economy of history, in a narrative that will last as long as human history; shaper, doer, inventor: made in the image of the Creator.

Fourth, that each of us sometimes sins. Neither beasts nor angels, we require institutions shaped to our sinfulness. No use building a political economy for saints, there aren't enough of them (and those few are impossible to live with). Since sinners are the only moral majority there is, institutions must be designed accordingly: social systems separated; powers divided; checks and balances (in redundancy) designed into them; competition encouraged; schemes of incentives wisely aligned with punishments; cooperativeness rewarded; creativity highly valued; failure (and recovery) possible.

The God Who made us in His image wished to be thought of, in human terms, by such names as these: Creator, Light, Truth, Love, Father, and (far less often but still important) Mother. In all these names there is information about who and what we ought to be.

To change history, yes, that is the vocation of the poor ones among whom God set up His Tabernacle. To change history, but also to be holy. If during the other 11 months we who stumble to obey His call do try to change history, in December, during the holy days, we are reminded of the other part of our vocation: to be holy.

NOT TO BE holy is to disfigure the image of the One Who made us, to fall short of our true identity. In our media image of ourselves, Americans are a secular, materialistic people. Yet the unreported story is of the legions of truly holy people among whom we work and live —who in personal tragedies seldom mentioned, in injury or deformity, in cancer and in heart attack, in sickness and in health, in loss and in misfortune, bear themselves nobly.

In silence so much virtue goes unobserved. Many millions of acts of kindness occur so often as to be taken for granted. Goodness in human beings —don't you think?—is a miracle. Yet there is so much of it. The holidays afford a cyclical, annual, turn-of-the-wheel reminder. That there are eternal realities deeply hidden at the moving center of history, spinning as the galaxies spin through the void, toward (in Dante's lovely phrase) the Love that moves the sun and the other stars.

Holiness is our vocation. A free society, rooted in its presuppositions, needs us to be faithful to it, as our Creator intended in so endowing us. That is what December teaches. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTUMN SCANDALS

Was it too much to hope that one of them would have wit enough to suggest—not knowing the real answer—that Keynesianism was the "ism" whereby Abel died? Alas, it was.

Bishop Nevin Hayes of Chicago comes closest to humor in Dinesh D'Souza's devastating "The Bishops as Pawns," in the Fall issue of *Policy Review*. When D'Souza, during their discussion of the American economy, mentions marginal tax rates, Bishop Hayes does not know what D'Souza is talking about. (True, most people cannot describe marginal taxation, though their behavior indicates they "understand" it instinctively.) When D'Souza next asks a cruelly difficult question about the bishop's familiarity with the principle underlying supply-side economics, Say's Law, Bishop Hayes replies: "How do you spell that? Is it like Murphy's Law?"

D'Souza interviewed several bishops selected, he says, "randomly to represent the mainstream of the American hierarchy." D'Souza concludes that the average bishop knows little about either defense or economics, the general subjects of the two most recent pastoral letters.

Sometimes ignorance is the bishops' most notable failing; sometimes it is a naïveté which, in other circumstances, one might find endearing. Sometimes, though, the mixture of ignorance and arrogance—key ingredients in history's recipe for anti-clericalism—simply appalls the reader. In the most grievous example, Bishop Maurice Dingman of Des Moines explains the Soviet military buildup as follows: "*Megatrends* gives me the answer. Both we and the Soviets have hierarchical systems that are outdated. We have to move into networking."

The authors of *The Wilson Quarterly*'s Autumn-issue special section, "Soviet Life, 1985," make it clear that "networking" is not the only Soviet shortage. Indeed, Soviet society is nothing short of a "megamess."

Late in the 1950s, according to British sociologist Mervyn Mathews, several Soviet institutes—under orders from the government—drew up "minimum budgets" for urban families of four. Mathews examines one of these. He notes that food purchases consumed 56 per cent of the budget, clothes about 20 per cent, housing about 5 per cent. When the authors of that budget prepared an update in the early or mid 1970s, the proportions spent remained about the same, and there is no reason to think they have changed much since.

This "minimum budget" is the closest figure the Soviets have to an official poverty level. Mathews figures that allowing for a scant 4 per cent increase to cover inflation in the late 1970s, by 1981 the "minimum budget" for a four-person family would have been 278 rubles. With the *average* Soviet wage 172.5 rubles per month (about $233 at the phony official exchange rate), two working parents might expect to take home, after taxes, about 310 rubles per month—or less than 12 per cent above the poverty level. Mathews concludes that "the 'poor,' as defined by Soviet statistical parameters, must have numbered no less than *two-fifths* of the entire Soviet population in 1981."

One of a number of useful sidebars makes the comparison between the costs of various goods *in time worked* in Moscow, Paris, and Washington, D.C. A pound of bread costs roughly the same in all three capitals. But a pound of sausage costs 15 minutes in the U.S., 34 minutes in Paris, and 73 minutes in Moscow. A dozen eggs costs nine minutes in Washington, 15 in Paris, and 55 in Moscow. It takes four times as long to earn a pound of butter in Moscow as in Washington. If all this gives the Muscovite a tension headache, he can purchase a bottle of the cheapest aspirin for 246 minutes of work—a mere 241 minutes more work than the cheapest bottle of aspirin costs a Washingtonian.

The primitiveness of Soviet life becomes starkly apparent when one examines Soviet health care. Male life expectancy is *dropping*, from 66 years for a boy born in 1966 to 62 years for a boy born in 1979. (By comparison, in Costa Rica male life expectancy in 1979 was 66; in Syria, 64; in Yugoslavia, 65.) Nowhere else in the industrial world, reports Boston University sociologist Mark G. Field, is infant mortality on the rise. But in the Soviet Union, between 1970 and 1980, deaths of children before their first birthday increased some 25 per cent, to 28 per thousand. Respiratory diseases *quintupled* from 1960 to 1979; such infectious diseases as whooping cough, diphtheria, measles, mumps, and scarlet fever are on the increase.

So is alcoholism, as millions seek to dull their suffering. Between 12 and 15 per cent of the adult population spend at least one night per year confined in sobering-up stations, or *vytrezvitel*. (In the U.S., 0.6 per cent of adults are arrested annually for drunkenness.) More than fifty thousand Soviets die each year from alcohol *poisoning* alone (e.g., from binges)—quadruple the mid-1960s figure. Because a half-liter of vodka costs about 12 per cent of the average worker's weekly paycheck, most workers drink low-quality moonshine. Even so, in the 25 years since 1960, consumption of state-produced liquor—taxes on which supply 12 per cent of the government's annual revenues—has increased an incredible 6.9 per cent *per annum*.

Staggering what people will do to escape, even temporarily, some hierarchical societies. □

Mr. Scully is editor of This World.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOIST COMPASSION

Thomas P. McDonnell

Common Ground: A Turbulent Decade in the Lives of Three American Families, by J. Anthony Lukas (Knopf, 659 pp., $19.95)

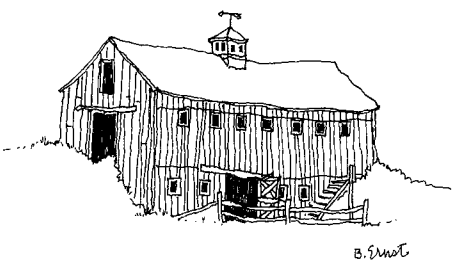
"A MARVELOUS SAGA," said *Newsweek*, in perhaps the mildest of the acclamations that have greeted J. Anthony Lukas's *Common Ground*, an account of the Boston school-desegregation crisis, 1968 to 1978. William A. Henry, reviewing the book for *Time* magazine, tries not to let his biases show as a former employee of the *Boston Globe*. It was left to *The New Republic*, however, to hail this hefty volume as "an extraordinary chronicle," etc. *The New Republic*'s reviewer is Fox Butterfield, chief of the Boston bureau of the *New York Times*, while Lukas himself is an ex-*New York Times* correspondent.

Common Ground is largely anecdotal history; the author fails to provide a clarifying perspective, and most of the reviewers have not supplied one. The most astonishing aspect of the reaction to this book, in fact, is that almost no one has noticed that the public schools in Boston have now achieved *reverse* imbalance. Evidently some liberals still hold to the principle that public schools are segregated only when the white student population is in the majority.

Common Ground, as its subtitle indicates, deals with the experiences of three representative families during the decade of the school-desegregation crisis, and in fact the ground on which they walked is about all these families had in common outside their various forms of misery. The pity is that the misery had been so seldom shared, the bread of sorrow so seldom broken in common, and the plain fact recognized that the Twymons (the blacks) and the McGoffs (the Irish) are largely unfortunates set against one another by a meddling government and the irrational calculations of the social engineers.

Colin and Joan Diver (the WASPs) are not only the most pathetic element to be found in *Common Ground*, but prove to be fairly irrelevant as well: They are muddle-headed suburban progressives who get in the way of solving any problem at hand, like demonstrators who have literally to be dragged to one side before serious discussions can begin. The Divers moved from suburban Lexington to the multiracial community of the South End in order to catch the pulse and tempo of it all. Soon enough, however, the harsh realities of their adoptive environment knock them out of their Nikes. Colin ends up chasing a Puerto Rican mugger down the street and even bashes him in the head with a baseball bat. Last we hear, the Divers have moved to suburban Newton.

But it is the Twymons and the McGoffs who are the heart of this book. Rachael Twymon, as the black mother of five, is a classic welfare case: a woman, abandoned by her husband, attempting to hold her family together, as her three sons, deprived of their father's presence, turn hostile and aggressive, and her 13-year-old daughter becomes pregnant. Alice McGoff struggles against similar odds, a woman attempting to raise seven children after the death of her bartender husband. She is basically a good woman beset by enormous problems of her own, which have been complicated further by the predictable hassle of busing black students into the Charlestown enclave. For these people the situation was nothing less than the grinding of one millstone against another.



This is the dirty little secret of the Boston busing crisis; and if it has been told hardly at all, that is because the moralizing part of the community has had the means to remain completely isolated from the problem. The Divers found this out soon enough and beat their hasty retreat back to the suburbs, where Colin may be a slightly sadder but a wiser man today, while Joan still can't rub the stardust from her eyes. The truth of the matter is that the social experiment indulged in by the courts was not suffered by the WASP community, nor by the Jewish community, nor even by the predominantly Italian North End: It was suffered by the two communities that were least able to deal with it on both economic and historical grounds.

Another part of the dirty little secret is that the school-desegregation crisis had nothing to do with education. One of the most asinine statements to arise from the busing crisis was Senator Edward M. Kennedy's remark that what mattered most is what one found at the end of the bus ride. While his own children and the children of most other Washington-based politicians were taking advantage of a very privileged education, he must have really thought

Arnold Beichman, Visiting Scholar at the Hoover Institution, is co-author of Yuri Andropov: New Challenge to the West.

Wayne Lutton, a policy analyst for the Summit in Colorado Springs, is co-author (with Palmer Stacy) of The Immigration Time Bomb, *recently published by the American Immigration Control Foundation in Alexandria, Virginia.*

Thomas P. McDonnell is the editor of Blaze of Recognition: Daily Meditations from the Writings of Thomas Merton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that what the poor Irish in Boston objected to was the prospect of poor blacks getting an education too. In fact, what poor Irish mothers feared most was the social aspect of the crisis, as described in the harrowing 27th chapter of this book, even as poor black mothers feared the rock-throwing hostility they knew would be the immediate result of busing.

Between the recurring and thematic chapters on the Divers, the Twymons, and the McGoffs, Lukas fills out his report with material on the Chairwoman (Louise Day Hicks), the Judge (W. Arthur Garrity Jr.), the Editor (Thomas Winship), the Cardinal (Humberto Medeiros), and the Mayor (Kevin White). The chapters on Cardinal Medeiros and Thomas Winship, then editor of the *Boston Globe*, especially reveal the author's biases. Whereas Cardinal Medeiros is portrayed as withdrawn and even wimpy, Thomas Winship rides through these pages in the gleaming armor of a modern knight of the New Journalism: "Winship handled the protest calmly"; "Winship sought to deflect the demands with a coolly noncommittal reaction"; "Tom Winship . . . waged a relentless campaign"; "Tom was determined to inject some of this youthful iconoclasm into his own staff"; etc. In fairness, though, Lukas also takes note of Winship's peculiar talent for suppressing important news stories when the special interests of the *Boston Globe* itself were at stake.

A number of errors of fact may disconcert the careful reader and bring into some question the credibility of the rest of Lukas's reportage. It is probably excusable that he should have referred to the archdiocese of Boston as the diocese merely. But it is a howler of the first order to report that Joe Kennedy Jr. "had been shot down over Germany." Also, as Fox Butterfield points out, someone ought to put another research check on Lukas's reference to the Parkman House (the mayor's in-town private office and entertaining quarters), which Lukas identifies as a gift to the city from the historian Francis Parkman.

It is appropriate that Lukas should at last bring it all to a whimpering end with a bathetic account of Joan Diver's visit to Atlanta. She is on a guided bus tour that goes by Southview Cemetery, where Martin Luther King Jr. is buried: "As the bus glided beneath a canopy of giant oaks, Joan made out the eternal flame by King's headstone. Suddenly her throat throbbed with the loss of so many dreams buried there in the red Georgia clay." Martin Luther King deserves better than the moist compassion of the Divers' ideology, and so do we. □

PRESCRIPTION FOR DISASTER

Wayne Lutton

The War against Population: The Economics and Ideology of Population Control, by Jacqueline Kasun (Jameson Books, 350 pp., $16.95)

THERE IS no doubt that optimism sells—even among conservatives, who traditionally have tended to see the world as "a dark and forbidding place where most new knowledge is false, most improvements are for the worse," as George Will put it several years ago. Witness the popularity of the "damn the deficit" supply-siders and the success of George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty*.

Despite its somber title, *The War against Population* is most definitely an optimistic book. Its author, Jacqueline Kasun, professor of economics at Humboldt State University in California, charges that it is a myth that the world is overpopulated and that we are in danger of running out of vital natural resources. On the contrary, Professor Kasun contends that the world is far from overcrowded; economic problems in any case are certainly not traceable to the size and growth rate of populations; and, in fact, rapid population growth stimulates economic and technological developments. According to Mrs. Kasun, the real danger is presented by those who call for restraints on population expansion, characterized here as "anti-natalists."

Should some of this sound familiar, it is not surprising. For Professor Kasun is a devoted disciple of Julian Simon, the University of Maryland economist, who discounts the negative impact of population size and growth on a nation's economic health. Lately, Simon has gained attention by claiming that illegal immigrants, far from hurt-

Speak German like a Diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who.

Now you can learn to speak German with the same materials used by the U.S. State Department —the Foreign Service Institute's *Programmed Introduction to German.*

The FSI spent thousands of dollars and many years developing these materials for use by members of the United States diplomatic corps. Today people in all walks of life who need to learn to speak a foreign language are turning to this outstanding audio program.

The FSI's German Course is by far *the most effective way* to learn German at your own convenience and pace. It consists of a series of cassettes, recorded by native German speakers, and accompanying textbook. You simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and learning. By the end of the course you'll find yourself learning and speaking entirely in German!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmed" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

This FSI Programmed Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I. Programmed Introduction to German,** 10 cassettes (13 hr.), and 647-p. text, $135.

☐ **Volume II. Basic Course Continued.** 8 cassettes, (8 hr.), and 179-p. text, $120.

(CT residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order — or charge to your credit card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's German Course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn German, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

120 courses in 41 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 12th year.

AUDIO-FORUM®

Audio-Forum
Room W48
On-The-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

☐ More November Titles: In his new book, *The Zero-Sum Solution: Building a World-Class American Economy* (Simon & Schuster, $18.95), Lester C. Thurow warns that domestic and foreign-trade deficits threaten the United States with economic collapse comparable to that of ancient Greece and Rome, as well as twentieth-century Britain, and argues that in order to forestall the catastrophe the Democratic Party must restructure the economy from the ground up through tax reform, savings incentives, and a spirit of corporate partnership between labor, management, and shareholders. . . . *A Grand Strategy for the West* (Yale, $12.95), by Helmut Schmidt, consists of the Henry L. Stimson Lectures delivered by the former chancellor of West Germany, who argues here for the necessity of repairing the disarray of the Western alliance.

In *PR: How the Public Relations Industry Writes the News* (Morrow, $17.95), Jeff and Marie Blyskal describe the process by which public-relations experts, most of them with newsroom experience, foist their own interpretations of events upon the media, which proceed to publish them as "news."

Henry James: A Life (Harper & Row, $23.99), by Leon Edel, is an updated and partly rewritten abridgment of the five-volume work. . . . *The Enchanted Isle* (Mysterious Press, $15.95) is a previously unpublished work by James M. Cain, flawed but still bearing the master's touch.

Open Net (Norton, $16.95), by George Plimpton, is an account of a season spent by the author with the Boston Bruins, an ice-hockey team.

☐ Coming in January: *The Immigration Time Bomb: The Fragmenting of America* (Dutton/Truman Talley Books, $20), by Richard D. Lamm and Gary Imhoff, makes a convincing case for the imposition of new restrictions upon "uncontrolled" immigration—legal and illegal—to the United States. Lamm—who, in addition to being an author, is also the Democratic governor of Colorado—is particularly concerned that the issue be presented as a nonpartisan one. —CW

---

ing the U.S., are a positive good, and that our economy will thrive if immigration is allowed to increase. Conservatives embrace these views at their peril.

Many of the basic points raised in *The War against Population* are essentially restatements of what Simon has argued elsewhere. But Simon is not Mrs. Kasun's only source. She cites, for example, Roger Revelle, former director of the Harvard Center for Population Studies, who estimates that world agricultural resources are capable of supporting forty billion people, or more than eight times the current world population. Although food production in Africa fell by 14 per cent per person during the 1970s, and Africa is today unable to provide adequate nourishment for its 513 million inhabitants, Revelle calculates "that the continent of Africa alone is capable of feeding ten billion people"—more than twice the world's population and more than twenty times Africa's current numbers.

Millions, perhaps, of Indians face starvation, and India is currently depleting natural resources at a frightening rate, with trees being cut down for firewood faster than they can be replaced by saplings. This does not discourage Mrs. Kasun from calling on her readers to consider seriously the opinion of an Indian economist, Raj Krishna, who claims that India has the potential of feeding "not only the people of India but the entire population of the world!" The author then draws our attention to a biologist, Francis P. Felice, who "has shown that all the people in the world could be put into the state of Texas, forming one giant city with a population density less than that of many existing cities, and leaving the rest of the world empty."

If some of what Mrs. Kasun writes resembles science fiction, any number of her other contentions are equally open to serious question. She states that "economic studies have failed to demonstrate that population growth has bad economic effects"; indeed, she says, statistical evidence shows that countries with more rapid rates of population growth have a higher rate of per-capita output. Elsewhere, she asserts that larger numbers of workers generate a faster rate of technological improvement because of their creative interaction with each other.

Actually, it is low-population-growth countries that are currently enjoying the greatest advances in productivity and rises in living standards. Low population growth does not appear to have harmed Japan's productivity. And far from promoting technological developments, large populations tend to discourage innovation and automation (as in American agriculture and the garment industry, where the use of alien labor has retarded modernization).

The author decries policies promoted by various international agencies that encourage so-called developing countries to limit their rates of population growth. She is no doubt correct to note that central economic planning, so favored by Third World dictatorships and the U.S. State Department, "is an economic and human disaster." However, there appears to be little evidence to support her claim that families in these countries adjust their procreation to available resources. Consider Bangladesh, a country blessed with fertile soil and a climate that permits three crops a year. Bangladesh has the potential of being very rich, but its economy is overwhelmed by a population of nearly a hundred million living in an area the size of Iowa, which has only three million people. And millions more are added to the population of Bangladesh every year.

While Professor Kasun's analysis of the significance of population trends overseas is suspect, her treatment of the teenage-pregnancy problem in this country is nothing short of amazing. She is right to question the role of government in preventing teenage pregnancy, and those unfamiliar with government-promoted sex-education programs conducted in American schools will find her survey of these useful. Mrs. Kasun cites statistics indicating that premarital teenage pregnancies almost doubled between 1971 and 1979, that teenage abortions skyrocketed after the 1973 Supreme Court decisions, and that there has been "a sharp increase in the proportion of out-of-wedlock births to teenage mothers."

What conclusions does the author draw from the evidence she presents? Why, that this is actually "a synthetic plague." Those trying to reduce teenage pregnancies are attempting "not only to restrict population growth, but . . . to delve in eugenics." She goes on to assert that the cost to taxpayers of public assistance to the poor, including teenage mothers, "has been enormously exaggerated." Really.

Few of us would disagree with Mrs. Kasun when she expresses concern over the growth of government bureaucracy and what she sees as "a spiraling movement toward complete social and economic control." But the thrust of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her advice—that we abandon caution, ignore urgings to conserve resources, and fill our planet with as many people as possible—is a sure prescription for disaster. As Garrett Hardin has warned, "A society that listens only to economists ratchets its way to destruction." □

CLUB DEAD

Arnold Beichman

The History and Impact of Marxist-Leninist Organizational Theory: "Useful Idiots," "Innocents' Clubs," and "Transmission Belts," by John P. Roche (Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, 74 pp., $7.50)

FORMER President Nixon has an article in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs* in which he offers advice to President Reagan about how to deal with Mikhail Gorbachev at the Geneva Summit. Mr. Nixon writes that in 1959 British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan "told me that he sensed in his meetings with the Soviet leaders that, above all, they 'wanted to be admitted as members of the club.' This is a small price to pay for laying the foundations for a new structure of peace in the world."

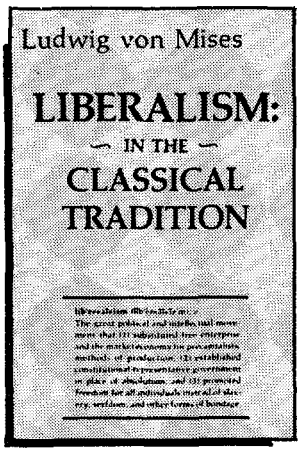
There are two deductions one can make from Mr. Nixon's agreement with the Macmillan "psychoanalysis" of the Soviet leaders. First, Mr. Nixon has never read the canonical writings of V. I. Lenin—or, if he has, he never understood the operational meaning of Marxism-Leninism. Second, he hasn't read John Roche's slender volume *The History and Impact of Marxist-Leninist Organizational Theory*, which really explains why the Soviet Union behaves as it does and why there is little chance that the "new face" in the Kremlin will change Soviet behavior even if Gorbachev *is* "admitted to the club."

There are three distinct species of political animals in the non-Communist world today. First, there are those who want Soviet Communism to triumph worldwide. Second, there are those who think that the Soviet Union is merely one of two superpowers, morally equivalent to the United States, and that by summitry or other symbolic contrivances the difficulties between them can be ironed out.

Then there is the third type. It consists of people like John Roche who understand the operational significance of Marxism-Leninism and therefore know the depth of Soviet enmity for the United States, know that the irreconcilable differences between freedom and totalitarianism will not be bridged by Gorbachev's admission to a club, even Club Med. For the USSR there is only one club with a lot of sub-clubs: Comecon, the Warsaw Pact, Moscow's myriad international "peace" and labor fronts. In that club there are no equals and only one lawgiver. Once you're "admitted" to that club, you can't resign or join another, according to the Brezhnev Doctrine. The Czechs, the Poles, the Hungarians, the East Germans, the Balts, the Vietnamese, the Cambodians—they know.

What most observers of foreign affairs refuse to realize is that, as Pro-

"With characteristic clarity and thoroughness, Mises here expounds and extends the political and economic principles of the true liberalism that evolved in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. An indispensable book."—HENRY HAZLITT
author of *ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON*



"I heartily recommend Liberalism, not only as the best introduction to Mises' writings, but also as the finest exposition of classical liberalism—the philosophy of free men, free markets, and limited government."
—ROBERT HESSEN
Senior Research Fellow Hoover Institution

Ludwig von Mises' LIBERALISM: In The CLASSICAL TRADITION

lib´er.al.ism (lĭb´ ĕr.ăl.ĭz´m), *n.*
The great political and intellectual movement that (1) substituted free enterprise and the market economy for precapitalistic methods of production, (2) established constitutional representative government in place of absolutism, and (3) promoted freedom for all individuals instead of slavery, serfdom, and other forms of bondage.

☐ Please send me _____ copies of *Liberalism: In the Classical Tradition* for $9.95 each, plus $1.00 postage & handling ($2.00 for foreign orders).
☐ Send me your catalog of 623 books on liberty
☐ My check or money order is enclosed for $ _____

Send your order to:
Laissez Faire Books, Dept. NR14
532 Broadway, New York, NY 10012
OR CALL TOLL FREE!

Only $9.95 from Laissez Faire Books
Order LV0100 for $9.95, plus $1.00 postage & handling ($2.00 foreign orders).
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it within 30 days for a refund.

★ **ORDER TOLL-FREE** ★
1-800-238 2200 EXT 500
Continental U.S. • 24 hours a day • 7 days a week

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fessor Roche puts it, Marxism-Leninism is not a corpus of ideas. It is, rather, an organizational theory "which the Mafia must envy. . . . It is a cynical rationale for gangsterism."

"In short," writes Roche,

> we considered the Communists to be ideological whores, part of a highly articulated, worldwide criminal syndicate with its Godfather resident in the Kremlin. Its major objective was not to win the hearts and minds of mankind with the altruistic apophthegms of Marx and Lenin, but to achieve power at whatever levels in institutions that presented themselves as targets of opportunity.

The influence of Marxism-Leninism as an organizational theory is worldwide, whatever the substantive goals of its zealots may be. As, in Roche's phrase, "all Mafia 'families' worship the same household gods," so all versions of Marxism-Leninism follow the same organizational pattern. In other words, there is little difference between Fascism, Communism, Ayatollahism, African "socialism," or any other doctrine whose wellspring is Marxism-Leninism. They all have the same inner core: the cadre or vanguard party, a militarily organized, highly disciplined elite "purportedly endowed by history, race, ethnicity, or religion with doctrinal infallibility."

Professor Roche closes his study with this extract from the May 1983 issue of the Soviet journal *Agitator of the Army and Navy*, something that could have been published in Nazi Germany's *Völkischer Beobachter* half a century ago:

> Acting in an organized way and purposefully, the Jewish bourgeoisie seized key positions in the U.S. and continues to gather into its hand ever greater spheres of influence. The leading banks, the largest financial establishments of the country are either the direct property of Jews-financiers, or subordinate to their manifold influence . . . Ninety-five per cent of the largest military-industrial monopolies not only in the U.S. but in general in the countries of the West belong to the Jewish bourgeoisie and capital linked to it.

What makes Professor Roche's monograph particularly valuable is that he illustrates the meaning of Marxism-Leninism with case studies, either historical or autobiographical. When he describes how he fought a Communist takeover of the American Veterans Committee after World War II, it could just as well be a description of how the Communists tried to take over the CIO, or a description of how the Communists have taken over whole countries.

I wish Professor Roche, with his longtime experience as university teacher and dean, had included some references to the metastasizing influence of Marxism-Leninism among American university faculties. That omission, and imposing upon an innocent public the wrong lyrics to the old sectarian Communist song, "Oh, the Cloakmakers Union Is a No-Good Union," are my only criticisms of a book that ought to be required reading for Presidents, Secretaries of State, and other policymakers. And certainly for a British prime minister who said recently that Gorbachev is a man she could "do business" with. No more than you could "do business" with Hitler can you "do business" with Gorbachev. Professor Roche graphically explains why. □

BACK TO ART

Joseph Sobran

Common Courtesy, In Which Miss Manners Solves the Problem That Baffled Mr. Jefferson, by Judith Martin (Atheneum, 70 pp., $10.95)

Is YOUR bank one of those "friendly" banks? Mine is. At least that's what they say in the ads. When I actually go in to get some of my own money, though, they treat me as if I were pulling a heist. Decidedly cool, you might say.

I don't mind coolness. That's business. What I do mind is the gushy pretense that a bank is a place to come for some form of affection. It isn't. It's a place to come for money. There's a distinction.

Judith Martin, also cloyingly known as Miss Manners, understands the difference. You may not care too much for her arch humor—I don't—but she has a healthily un-American sense of the profound evil of representing banks as "friendly." There is *Gemeinschaft*, and there is *Gesellschaft*, and never the twain shall meet. The notion of a friendly bank is a little like that of a compassionate state. It insults the intelligence and makes the flesh crawl.

What is it about this country that makes people think they all ought to be not only equals, but pals? *Common Courtesy* traces it back to Thomas Jefferson, who tried to formulate a new code of etiquette appropriate to a republican form of government. His plan was a flop, but it bespoke a stubborn national trait, an aversion to formality and finally to privacy.

Miss Martin observes: "Equality is something we all agree belongs in American behavior. But when we interpret it to mean a complete lack of recognizable distinctions among types of people, so as not to say classes, on any basis whatsoever, and a thorough leveling of all hierarchies, it doesn't work. What you have when everyone wears the same playclothes for all occasions, is addressed by nickname, expected to participate in Show and Tell, and bullied out of any desire for privacy, is not democracy; it is kindergarten."

Doctrinaire democrats (she mentions Rousseau) always want to go back to "nature," forgetting that, as Burke says, art is man's nature. Miss Martin has had it up to here with nature. She wants to go back to art.

"We need a coherent code of manners," she says. "The lack of agreement about manners results in an anger-ridden, chaotic society, where each trivial act is interpreted as a revelation of the moral philosophy of the individual actor, who is left standing there naked in his mores. We must standardize American manners . . . to relieve people of the burden of developing and defending individual choices in the most common, everyday matters."

To illustrate: "It has never been easier to insult people inadvertently. A gentleman opens a door for a lady, because his mother taught him that ladies appreciate such courtesies, but this one turns around and spits in his eye be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause he has insulted her womanhood. A young lady offers her seat in a crowded bus to an elderly, frail gentleman, and he gives her a filthy look because she has insulted his manhood. Mind you, those are just people trying to be nice. The only problem is that they are operating on different systems of etiquette."

As for the cult of candor, she makes short work of that: "I have always believed that the key to a happy marriage was the ability to say with a straight face, 'Why, I don't know what you're worrying about. I thought you were very funny last night, and I'm sure everybody else did too.' " The worst rudeness, she suggests, comes not from callous strangers, but from intimates who feel free to "be themselves" with their loved ones, "which turns out to mean being their worst selves, while saving their best behavior for strangers."

Miss Martin contends that traditional American "openness" has been beaten into the ground, so that "everyone is considered open, all the time, to all social advances." As a syndicated columnist on etiquette, she gets letters constantly from young women who want to know "how to discourage the lewd advances of strangers without seeming rude." It's considered rude to want any privacy at all.

Miss Martin places a lot of the blame on American commercialism, which, she says, confuses business and social life, a confusion summed up in "that oxymoron, business entertaining." Establishing a "relationship" often seems to be part of the job, as when a waitress greets you with, "Hi, I'm Kimberly, and I'm going to be bringing you dinner. How ya doing?" But to the credit of my countrymen, I have almost never heard them take Kimberly up on the invitation to call her Kimberly. They know a trap when they see one. If you establish a personal relationship with Kimberly, then if you complain later about the service you will hurt little Kimberly's feelings.

What Miss Martin is arguing for is keeping the business and social models separate. Equality can exist in society, she argues, but not in commerce: Someone will be the boss and someone else the hired hand, and the only way to ensure that this inequality doesn't spill over into social life is to make sure business and social life are distinct.

Already, she says, "business techniques are applied to the most personal situations. If you're ready to fall in love, you run a classified advertisement announcing a vacancy and including a job description with the most detailed skill requirements. It is permissible to fire lovers, but only with cause. 'I don't love you any more' is not considered acceptable; 'You don't meet my present needs' is more suitably businesslike."

You might almost say that there is no such thing as informality: There are only subtle formalities we aren't fully conscious of. Anyone can learn the rules of conduct at Versailles. What takes real sophistication is learning those of the American business world, with their fantastic fluidity. Miss Martin proposes to codify this jungle of etiquette, a worthy aim to which she brings the eye of a novelist and the mind of a philosopher, which may not be enough. □

FILM

PAN-ELENISM

John Simon

NICE AS IT IS to have a political film again, and one, what is more, that does not offer radicalism as an earnest of its humanistic commitment, I have to report that *Eleni* is a dreadful mess. The nonfiction book by Nicholas Gage, a former reporter and foreign correspondent for the *New York Times*, concerns his quest for vengeance on the man who, during the civil war that raged in Greece after World War II, caused the murder of his mother, Eleni. Christos Gatzoyannis had emigrated to America to make his fortune and then have Eleni and their five children—including nine-year-old Nikola, the future Nick Gage—join him. Meanwhile back in the northern village of Lia, Eleni found herself in the midst of savage conflict between the royalist forces and the Communist guerrillas who captured Lia, dispossessed her in order to make her fine house their headquarters, and proceeded to put everyone to soldiering or hard labor. They made things especially tough for the Amerikana, as they called Eleni, for being what they considered an enemy of the people.

The book tells both what happened back in the late Forties, and also how thirty years later, after the political amnesty, Gage tracked down the judge who ordered the execution of Eleni (along with a good many others) for engineering her children's escape to America and their father. Hers was, of course, a rigged trial, with her fellow villagers intimidated into silence and, in the case of one woman, into bearing false witness. Nick became the *Times*'s Athens bureau chief and was able, after much detective work, to unearth the still living judge, who had used the *nom de guerre* Katis. But he could not bring himself to kill him, only to spit at him.

Written in straight journalistic style, the book has a simple structure and no hokum about it, even if, perhaps, an excess of detail. The script by Steve Tesich, directed by Peter Yates (the team that gave us *Breaking Away* and *Eyewitness*), tries for fancier stuff. It continually crosscuts between Nick's search and the events of thirty years before, which, however, does not create suspense, only confusion. When both stories are handled well, crosscutting can heighten the effect of each; when each is individually inept, the

27th year
Nicola Paone
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
Nicola Paone's.
A place to meet
for business,
to meet socially
and to
enjoy good food.
LUNCH 12–1:30 DINNER 5–9:30
MONDAY–FRIDAY
SATURDAY DINNER ONLY
Private room available
207 East 34th Street • New York
(212) 889-3239
Jacket and tie required

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

result is cumulative diminishment, as a sense of being manipulated overcomes the viewer.

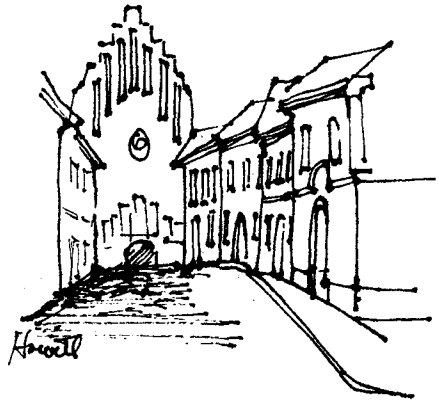
One can grasp the difference between the unbrilliant but honest and interesting book and the bathetic idealizations of the movie—as phony as a three-drachma bill—by contrasting their treatment of the climactic scene. In the book, Katis's wife stays in the room and obtrudes in a flavorously idiosyncratic way to deflate the epic potential; Katis never grabs a steak knife, and Nick never draws his gun—rather, he worries about the legal consequences of his intended act; everything, in short, has the grainy texture of uncosmeticized reality. In the film, Katis and Nick square off melodramatically alone, and the only reason Nick doesn't pull the trigger of his trained gun is the appearance—first in the shadows, then in radiant light—of Katis's granddaughter, a child of angelic beauty, even though her mother and grandmother are ugly as sin, or cynics, which word, as every good schoolboy used to know, comes from the Greek *kuōn*, meaning dog.

Peter Yates once made *Bullitt*, a picture propelled by excitement, and has shown aptitude for perky, authentic divertissements such as *Breaking Away* and *The Dresser*. Here, however, the basic unit is the posture, the heroic stance; not, mind you, in the obvious way of a painting by J.-L. David or a film by D. W. Griffith. This is the New Hamminess, of which Kate Nelligan as Eleni, Linda Hunt as Katina (another peasant woman), and John Malkovich as Nick prove themselves unappetizing masters. Miss Nelligan is charming and dignifiedly, restrainedly gallant, and, under the gloss of her British accent, remains largely unruffled and wholly un-Greek, even as her overworked feet, raised for torture, still show the good offices of knowing pedicurists. She suffers all right, but what unmussed suffering it is!

John Malkovich, in turn, specializes in the drawn, haunted look, and, for sheer internalization, can barely get his words out in a thin, strangulated voice. He never looks at another actor if he can help it and prefers gazing to the lower right or left, as if he were searching for lost contact lenses while forced to carry on a conversation. As for Linda Hunt, presumably to compensate for her near-dwarfish stature, she affects a New York *grande dame* voice and attitude that ill assort with life in the Mourgana Range near the Albanian border. When Miss Hunt comes on riding a donkey, the only place we are transported to is the children's zoo in Central Park. Many of the other supporting players are British, which results in the curious impression that the Greek Communist Party and peasantry consisted largely of Oxonians and Cantabs, but some of these performances are at least stimulating, notably Oliver Cotton's Katis and Ronald Pickup's Spiro, the schoolteacher turned guerrilla leader.

The film could not be shot in Greece; however, Spain, as recorded by Billy Williams's canny camera, gives one of the more authentic performances. Steve Tesich is an accomplished writer of droll dialogue, and he can create amusing, offbeat characters. But as *Four Friends*, *American Flyers*, and now *Eleni* make progressively clearer, he is not a sure storyteller, and is not at ease with serious, indeed tragic, subjects. Here even such vital plot points as just how the children's escape is carried off are dealt with too perfunctorily to make them involving. Yates, furthermore, is no good at directing either pathos or battle scenes, so that the film often seems amateurish and derivative, its harsh realities lifted from other movies. Add to this the datedly romantic music of Bruce Smeaton (shades of Franz Waxman or Victor Young!), and you have a film only a mother could love.

ITALY USED TO BE the source of many of the world's greatest films until not so long ago, but, as Giambattista Vico was wont to remind us, history is cyclical, and film has been spiraling downward there lately. Ettore Scola, to be sure, never struck me as an outstanding director, but he and his screenwriters often came up with such good ideas for films that even their writing and direction couldn't quite ruin them. Just imagine, though, what *We All Loved Each Other So Much*, *A Special Day*, *La Nuit de Varennes*, and *Passione d'amore* could have been in better hands. But with *Le Bal* and now *Macaroni*, Scola, having no useful idea to work with, reveals himself in all his native exiguity.



Maccheroni (the Italian title) means, besides the comestible, also "dolts" or "simpletons," which here, apparently, is not meant to refer to Scola and his frequent scenarists, Maccari and Scarpelli, but to the principals: Robert, an American businessman now well into divorce and drinking, who comes back to Naples on a business trip; and Antonio, the Neapolitan *Luftmensch* who befriended Robert when he was Mark Clark's driver during the Italian campaign, and whose sister, Maria, was sort of engaged to Robert. Now Robert is a sorry American success; Antonio, working as a bank archivist, a happy Italian failure. The film records the humanization of Robert under Antonio's aegis. First, the American resents the Italian and his merry family, but within a couple of days he loves them more than his own. Much more.

Though this may sound preposterous in outline, it is a lot more so in the telling. The film deals exclusively in two kinds of effects: rigged and absurd or comic-sentimental and thuddingly unfunny. Most of the comedy smells of mothballs the size of steamrollers that, before storing it, flattened it into, if not a pancake, a pizza. And most of the plot could not pass the crudest lie-detector test. Thus, much hinges on the fact that Robert not only never returned to marry Maria, but did not even write letters after a while. So, like the true, loving brother and amateur playwright he is, Antonio proceeded to shower Sis with the most beautiful and tender epistles, which, even after she married a local boy, continued to be the pride and joy of the entire family, the husband included. But Scola & Co. make very little of this device beyond dragging it in repeatedly, and cannot even make it credible: How would this impecunious, no-account *maccherone* be able to get his letters posted—as he apparently does—all over the world, so as to make Maria's fantasy life more exciting?

This sorry farce—which is not with-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out its pretensions, as in Antonio's knack of dying and resurrecting himself—displays also the histrionic exhaustion of both Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni, although the latter can at least sporadically revivify his performance. The supporting cast is passable, the cinematography pleasant, but the film seems to be aimed at people who cannot tell an Italian postmark from an Indonesian one. □

DELECTATIONS

RUSSIAN MEMORIES

Nika Hazelton

TEN YEARS ago next month, Bill Buckley was kind and generous enough to take a group of us from NATIONAL REVIEW to the Soviet Union for a week—because, he said, as we write about it so much, we ought to have experienced it. We were an interesting and mixed group, which included spouses, such as Mrs. Buckley and my own husband; Helen Puwalski, *NR*'s crusty telephone operator; the advertising manager; editorial people; researchers and outside writers. Our group was part of a larger group run by the official Soviet tourist agency, Intourist, without whom no trip to that country is possible, to the best of my knowledge. Here follow a few memories of the trip, which, as everybody present agreed, was simply wonderful and like no other.

Arriving in Muscovite dusk, with a very light snow falling, we were hit between the eyes by the incredible colors and shapes of St. Basil's Cathedral, in the vast and empty Red Square. It was right around the corner from our hotel, which was 4,500 rooms big, with four entrances; my husband once missed the correct one for our wing, and was lost for several hours until finally rescued by an English-speaking employee. The hotel had all the amenities of a good Holiday Inn, but the entrances were not equipped with the usual revolving doors, which, said one of our party, obviously had not been invented in Russia yet; indeed, in all the time we were there, we never saw one. Another astonishment was the subways—how far underground they were, the magnificent, art-gallery-like stations, and the frequency of the trains, pointed out to us by our female guide and interpreter, who never left us. I think we all were kind of sorry for the poor woman, responsible for showing the best side of the Soviet Union to a group of independent and irreverent Americans, and from a conservative magazine yet.

Other Moscow memories: The incredibly ornate churches behind the Kremlin's high red walls, and its heavily guarded entrance, out of and into which streaked limousines with dark windows, no doubt carrying the invisible-to-the-world higher-ups of the regime. (Incidentally, the ones we saw, civilians and army, were wonderfully tailored, in contrast to the shapeless clothes of the people. I stood next to one such well-tailored high army officer in the hotel elevator, admiring his greatcoat. He turned to me smiling, saying as he pointed to the coat I was admiring: "*Khorosho*"—"Good.") In the Kremlin Museum, the enormous high boots of Peter the Great, and Pat Buckley looking at them with a bemused air; the glorious early icons in the Tretyakov picture gallery, and all the other interesting and often beautiful paintings by Russian artists, which we were not given time to look at properly; the obligatory evening at the opera, where we got bored with a mediocre *Rigoletto* and were allowed, with some difficulty, to leave early; the trip to the industrial park to admire a sputnik museum, which did not give any hint of America's recent moon landings; and finally, the confrontation with the concierge who sits on each floor in a Russian hotel. This worthy, stout, elderly party would not let me into my room, to which my husband had retired earlier—morals, you know—until, in despair, I pointed at my wedding ring. But make no mistake, Moscow *is* a capital, a great city, where things happen; you feel it in the air, you see it around the Kremlin, you notice the presence of the military, the endless groups of Soviet travelers in their often exotic clothes, the importance of Lenin's tomb in Red Square, the great sights of the now "non-functioning" churches and monasteries.

From Moscow we were taken by bus to a historic stopping-point on the way north to Leningrad, called Kalinin, *née* Tver. The memory I cherish is that in the industrial exhibit they told us that the tea kettle, of all things,

Herb-of-the-Month Club™

How does Ada turn good cooking into something mighty special and delicious? Folks from miles around wanted to know her secret, too. That's why Ada cooked up Herb-of-the-Month Club!

Each month, she sends a different herb, tempting recipes and a delightfully entertaining essay on herb folklore to all Club members.

You can share Ada's secret with your family or friends this Christmas by sending a gift membership. $27/year. P.O. Box 1000-N, Atkinson, N.H. 03811.

Herb-of-the-Month Club P.O. Box 1000-N Atkinson, N.H. 03811

☐ Please send a one year membership plus Christmas card announcement. (enclose check or money order for $27 each).

TO: NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

FROM: (YOUR NAME) _____

You may include a personal note to appear on card.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been invented in Kalinin. They also had a musical instrument, resembling a piano, which combined the best elements of pianoforte and concertina; Bill sat down and played a familiar tune, which did sound strange. From Kalinin, we took a train to Leningrad, after transacting at the railroad station an exchange of chewing gum and Red Army belts with a group of kids.

On the train, my husband and I sat facing the two KGB officers who happened (?) to be there. I was knitting an afghan, and my wool kept falling to the floor, to be picked up immediately by the lesser secret policeman. The older one, looking at the pattern I was knitting, coyly opened his coat and showed me the similar pattern on his cardigan. I took out my phrasebook and looked up "wife," to which he nodded, and that was that. In the course of the trip, I came to the conclusion that the Russian people are not —generally speaking, of course—anything like their rulers. The women showed great concern at our walking bareheaded while they were wrapped up to their ears, and kept on urging us, with gestures, to button up our coats and cover our heads. And they would help me—I am on the lame side—over curbs and across streets.

Leningrad is quite different from Moscow, and I don't mean physically only. The city is ravishing—canals, gardens, palaces now in an uncared-for state, serving as official buildings. The fabulous Winter Palace, overlooking the

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN *Here the People Rule: Selected Essays* (Plenum Publishing Corporation, 233 Spring Street, New York, N.Y. 10013; $39.50), Edward C. Banfield, of *Unheavenly City* fame, casts a cool eye on the institution of representative government in its peculiarly American form. Although several of these pieces are printed here for the first time, most of them have appeared in scholarly journals or previously edited volumes; none of them, however, has been either taken or adapted from Professor Banfield's own books. And yet, as the author himself points out, the collection is not a miscellany but a selection of essays upon a single, though broad, theme: "the extreme fragmentation of formal authority" that characterizes the American political system, and which Banfield considers to be its "analytically most interesting" feature.

Descriptive and analytical in approach, Banfield eschews the prescriptive: "The reason for not making recommendations is that I do not see how, after explaining why things are as they are, one can go on to say how they could be different." His view, he admits, is a conservative one, but not

> the kind of conservatism that says most people are not worth bothering about or the kind that says the devil take the hindmost. What it *does* say is that the nature of man makes conflict inevitable, that social institutions are the outcome of a long process of trial and error, that they cannot be reformed by central planning and direction, and that the goal of public life, which is to afford every person a real opportunity to live a life that is fully human, requires above all the exercise of prudent judgment, a faculty given to relatively few.

As a political thinker, Banfield attempts (not always successfully; but then, how does one measure success in such matters?) to establish a precarious balance between Burke's argument from circumstance and Lincoln's argument from principle. Conceding that democracy in America is based upon the conviction that "everybody has a right, indeed an obligation, to participate—or interfere—in the day-to-day conduct of government," and that "rule by the people allows no place for the making and carrying out of comprehensive, internally consistent plans," he concludes that government by compromise is a luxury properly indulged in by democracies save in time of war, and the necessary lesson for men of principle is that "the world is not what one would wish, and government, even government by the people, must take it as it is."

Whether he is discussing the rise of political parties, party reform, the making and evaluation of federal programs, revenue sharing, the mania for "policy science," politics versus administration, corruption as a feature of government organization, ends and means in planning, the so-called urban crisis, or "goodness" in foreign policy, Banfield has always a wary eye out for the "reformer-moralizer"—the man who, failing to recognize "the essentially moral nature of social problems," confuses information with wisdom as the root of successful governance, and ends up making a mess of what was merely inconvenient. "The citizen," he says, "is rarely a very competent ruler"; and by "citizen" he does not mean "mechanic" or "workingman" but rather "bourgeois," the man of the middle class who tends to have "undue confidence in the use of social science and of organized knowledge generally." "In my view," Banfield argues,

> the reformer-moralizer constitutes a serious problem for rule by the people. For one thing, he recommends measures that cannot work and are apt to make matters worse. For another, he blames "society" for its failure to do the undoable and by so doing he creates disenchantment, cynicism, and mutual distrust: in short, he undermines the consensual basis of the society.

Thus, the "reformer-moralizers" have helped to destroy the party system through quixotic attempts to make it "representative," supplanted statesmanship with "policy analysis," institutionalized the culture of poverty in trying to eradicate it, ditto the criminal culture, and (though this is nothing new) gravely compromised foreign-policy-making by insisting that statesmen behave like international social workers, spreading goodness like manure around a world that is increasingly hostile to the United States.

In short, Edward Banfield believes the greatest danger to democracy lies in its own naïveté, in its predisposition to accept a too literal view of itself. Seen in this light, perhaps the chief threat to the American polity is less an uncompromising insistence upon principle than a militant democratic fundamentalism, George McGovern and Walter Mondale representing the political equivalent of Billy Sunday and Jerry Falwell, with William Jennings Bryan as the quintessential cultural hybrid. And since, as everyone knows, nobody is less susceptible of conversion than the fundamentalist, we must accept him as an American given, too. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neva River, has a breathtaking collection of pictures, including the Matisse and other moderns on the top floor, which, at that time, only foreigners were allowed to see. What I found especially interesting, though, was the less tense air of Leningrad compared to Moscow, and the fact that the locals quite often had a bit of color in their clothing, as opposed to the unrelieved dark colors of Moscow clothing. We went to the circus—the trip included cultural evening events—and I noticed the reds and blues of the women's homemade sweaters and the incredibly fast-moving line at the toilets during the intermission, as well as the fact that women complimented me *viva voce* on a coral necklace I was wearing; the circus itself was mediocre.

I remember the relentless drinking of Finns at our hotel, over from nearby Finland for cheap vodka, and the general drunkenness of so many Russians, clinging to lampposts or really being "stiffs" that needed propping up. A few of us, going out to dinner in a Caucasian restaurant where we ate better than in the hotels, discovered the magic of dollar bills held up to attract the attention of taxi drivers.

In Pushkin, formerly Tsarskoye Selo, the Czar's resort, we saw the simply superb restored-on-the-outside palace of Catherine the Great; however, only a few rooms of the interior had been brought back to their original magnificence by that time. Our guide, a bright and determined lady, would not show us the residence of the last emperors, Nicholas and Alexandra, wanting to know why we were so anxious to see the dwelling of those oppressors of the people, to which she was answered that if anybody ever oppressed the people, it was the great Catherine whose palace she showed us with such pride; this miffed her. Finally, there was the extremely touching mass grave and monument to the legions who died in the year-long siege of Leningrad by the Germans, who never took the city because of the incredible courage of its people. Old people, children, and young couples left their few, paper-wrapped flowers on the mass grave, which must have sheltered some relative or friend, while canned music played, of all tunes, Schumann's "*Träumerei*." It was a wonderful, wonderful trip, and everybody felt it. Many of us would never have seen Russia any other way. □

THE GIMLET EYE

IS THERE AN IDIOT IN THE HOUSE?

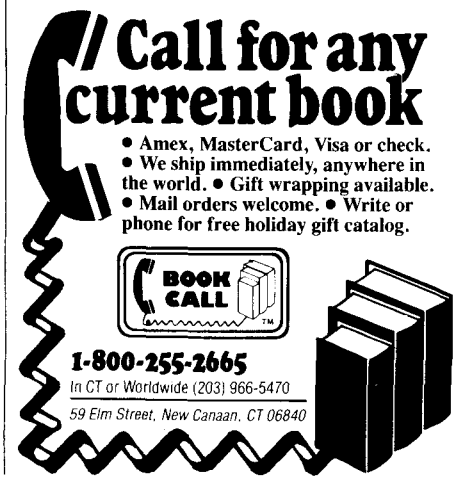
D. Keith Mano

I DIAGNOSE SOME gross ego inflammation here: Dr. Sidney Alexander has been speaking. As president of the national organization of Physicians for Social Responsibility, Alexander specializes in importing Soviet medical spokespeople to reduce nuclear risk. You might better attack bubonic plague with Super Rat.

"I'm often asked, 'Don't you think the Russians are using you, when you go over there?' And I say, 'Of course they're using me. They're no fools. But we use them even more.' Yesterday we had a symposium in Wilmington, Delaware—called 'Prescription for the Planet'—and 1,100 tickets were sold. They got to see a real live Russian. This ability to demythicize them is so important. Every time the Russians appear on a program the attendance doubles. They're human beings just like us. So, I'm no fool, if I want to get my message across to the American people, just grab a couple of Russians."

Tonight he has grabbed a drab pair —call them Yelena and Vladimir Ilyich. The female could be your dull crocheting aunt from Ozone Park. Yelena looks like she just had a babushka taken off surgically. As for Vladimir—well, when Lenin's hollow corpse has crumbled at last into gluey dust and ancient base makeup—they can shove Vlad right in. Youngish, but with that same trowel beard and reactionary hairline. Neither can express him- or herself well in English. Their accents read less legibly than a prescription. But, of course, Alexander is right: they do occasionally seem human. Worse, they're our guests. "You are hospitable people," Yelena has said (which means, as usual, that PSR paid plenty borscht for this transoceanic brain transplant). Who'd ask a hard question of such nice visitors? In particular since they couldn't understand it anyhow.

PSR has been horse-doctoring since 1961. There are 2,300 members in the New York cell, but you don't have to be hospital-certified. For $60 per annum anyone can join—which could mean that PSR is composed of one hundred doctors and 2,200 patients. Instant license to practice, or malpractice, at least on the nuclear issue. A useful gimmick. Priests for, scientists for, mothers for: and the impression is given that your favorite authority figure has endorsed some ideological patent medicine. It doesn't tell you what percentage of priests or mothers are against or ambivalent to. Now, no question, nuclear weapons are a health hazard. They'd be rather pointless otherwise. But aside from, say, radiation or fallout treatment, what in the name of blessed St. Elsewhere could a doctor know about throw-weight, SDI, or world diplomacy—more than your well-read cat burglar? As for treat-


Call for any current book
• Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check.
• We ship immediately, anywhere in the world. • Gift wrapping available.
• Mail orders welcome. • Write or phone for free holiday gift catalog.
BOOK CALL
1-800-255-2665
In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470
59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

Ride up and down stairs.
Install an Inclinette
Inclinette is the safe and easy way for the handicapped or elderly to ride up and down stairs with just a push of the button. And . . . it's tax deductible when recommended by a doctor.
SEND FOR FREE LITERATURE
Describes and illustrates Inclinette. Also, StairLIFT, the economy model, and "Elevette", the modern home elevator.
INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA
DEPT. 27
P. O. BOX 1557
HARRISBURG, PA 17105-1557

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, just let the Kremlin drop It on Wednesday, when our Socially Responsible are out playing golf, and we'll all die without medical aid.

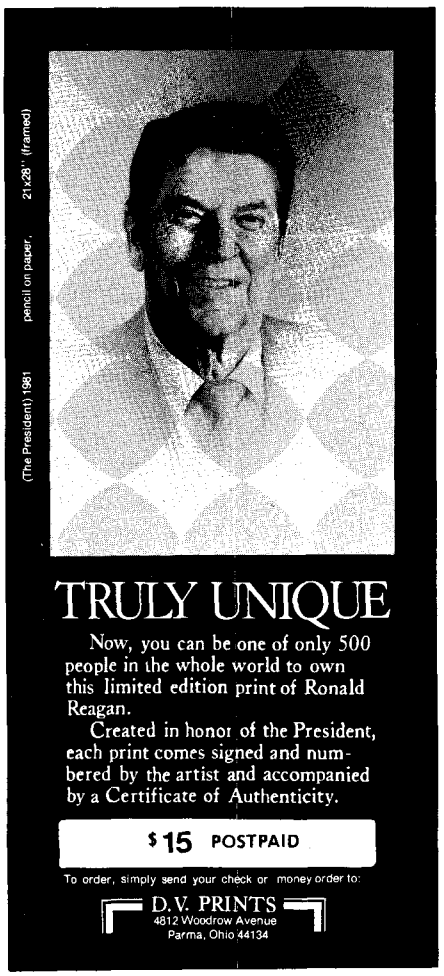
But don't discount PSR: it has, with intensive care, deployed some zetzy, if quackish, brochures. This one here is set up like a prescription pad—WORDS FROM YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT PREVENTION. (Meant to be left in his waiting room where people are so bored they'd read linoleum.) Another is a whimsical cartoon horror book about the presumptive uselessness of civil defense: "tires liquefy, tanks explode, and human flesh melts." Panic can be iatrogenic. Also you might buy "Disarming Images," an anti-nuke poster set (Keith Haring, Robert Rauschenberg, et al.) supported—why?—by the National Endowment for the Arts. PSR claims to have helped scotch one fifty-thousand-bed civil-defense contingency plan. And from now on the Hippocratic Oath will contain a clause against nuclear war. They're giving us head-reduction surgery is what.

The question-and-answer period will turn out to be one big placebo. Our Russians just apply medicated gauze: peace, you see, and understanding and of course no one can win a nuclear war. Indeed, Alexander is the aggressor: "We must get our government to accept Gorbachev's challenge to initiate real arms reduction. We must not let our negotiators get away with window dressing at the Summit." One question did receive an unintentionally insightful response. Vlad Ilyich is asked, "How do Russian doctors get their people to respond to PSR?"

Easy, that. "A physician is now a sort of a bishop in our society." No one will ask what happened to the original bishops.

"While ago we heard about a Soviet civil-defense effort—" The American doctor is almost apologetic: aha, I think, some controversy, someone with courage. But no such testosterone. He answers himself before Vladimir can: "That, we know, wasn't true. Since we recognize that adequate civil defense is impossible." And Alexander takes credit. The international PSR was quite influential in altering Kremlin civil-defense policy. "At least I've made that assertion at several conferences. And no one in Russia has ever contradicted me."

The gas-permeable, bloating arrogance of it all. The radiant gall. Certain professions, you understand, anaesthetize human perspective. A physician is accustomed to servility. We strip for him and accept disembowelment. No one, surely not another doctor, will offer contradiction. In time self edema sets in. And, with it, some disenchantment. *Since I am always right why are other people running the world?* An unpleasant gap between personal image and real influence will open up. And the phenomenon isn't just medical. Our bishops want to dictate nuclear and economic conduct. Enough ring kissing can turn you into a commemorative stamp of yourself. And actors, rock singers—agent, producer, audience, when last did someone dare tell Jane Fonda and Yoko Ono that they were wrong about anything? Who more qualified then to disarm America, make apartheid monochromatic? The liberal bias comes from vague unease: one can get guilty going around all day power-faced and authoritarian and, yes, rich. Moreover, because they specialize so much, these people tend to be somewhat less intelligent than menhirs. Unlike the politician, they seldom exercise reason where criticism and compromise are required. It is our fault. We have worshipped false gods. No wonder they exact stupid obedience. But, in this case, at least, you can get a second opinion. □

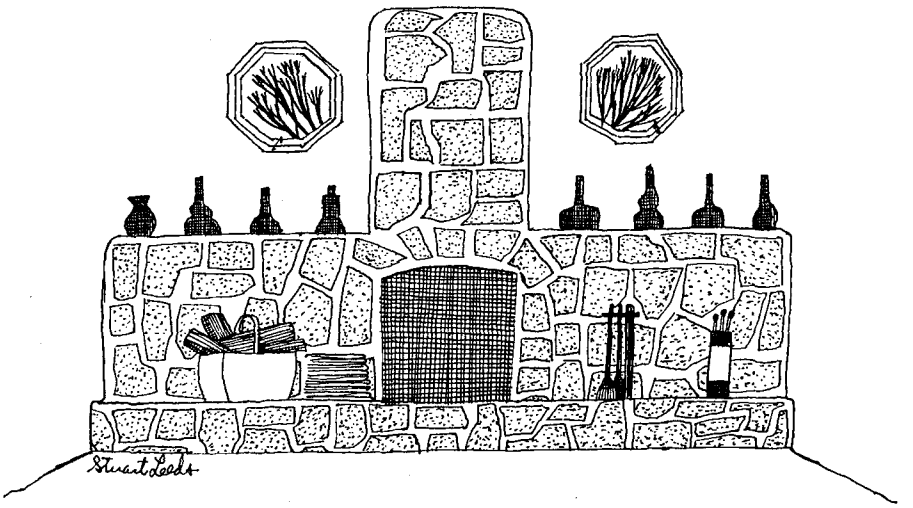

(The President) 1981 pencil on paper, 21x28" (framed)
TRULY UNIQUE
Now, you can be one of only 500 people in the whole world to own this limited edition print of Ronald Reagan.
Created in honor of the President, each print comes signed and numbered by the artist and accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity.
$15 POSTPAID
To order, simply send your check or money order to:
D.V. PRINTS
4812 Woodrow Avenue
Parma, Ohio 44134

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Prayer: The Divine Dialogue, by Carroll E. Simcox (Inter Varsity Press, 114 pp., $3.95, paper)

MY WIFE fell in love with Carroll Simcox many years ago when he assured her that she would be reunited with her beloved dogs in heaven. In his new book on prayer he restates this assurance, only with the qualification that if it is not so, God will surely have a good explanation. Now, if this strikes you as too frivolous to appear in a serious (very serious) book about prayer, you just don't know your Simcox. A good share of his charm lies in his ability to dig into often-difficult concepts in a sunny-natured way, bringing in side issues that aren't really side issues at all, then uniting them as strands of his basic thesis. Dr. Simcox has been called the American C. S. Lewis, and with good reason. Their crystalline, simple styles, with an absence of ecclesiastical jargon and pomposity, are similar. Both have been prolific writers, exhaustive in their examinations of Christian values, and they have suffered similar fates. Lewis, although never an ordained priest, was the virtually unchallenged voice of Anglicanism until the church's hard swing to the left. Dr. Simcox's influence in the American branch was paramount during his years as editor of *The Living Church*, when he was as well known for his brilliant preaching as for his writings, but then he too fell afoul of the liberal bishops who legitimized their dominance in the great changes of 1979. Both Lewis and Simcox became anathema to the establishment, while retaining the affectionate loyalties of the doctrinally conservative both in and outside their own churches. Dr. Simcox is today a priest in the American Episcopal Church, a splinter denomination, president of the Foundation for Christian Theology, a regular columnist in the *Christian Challenge*, and writer of articles for other religious periodicals. *Prayer* is his 16th

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



published book. Another meaningful parallel: Both Lewis (in his *Letters to Malcolm: Chiefly on Prayer*) and Simcox (in *Prayer: The Divine Dialogue*) tackle the meaning and nature of prayer only after a lifetime of Christian exploration, and their findings are virtually the same. After having a little fun with the kind of praying most of us do, because we do not know how else to go about it, they see prayer as a kind of extended meditation, mostly unverbalized, in which there takes place a dialogue directed by the voice of God within us. "The right function of faith," Dr. Simcox says, "in prayer as in life, is to open us up to God and to deliver us over to God." He stresses the difficulties in arriving, by slow steps, at the state where this openness to divine dialogue can be achieved.

H. N. KELLEY

Thinking about the Unthinkable in the 1980s, by Herman Kahn (Simon & Schuster, 250 pp., $16.95)

HERMAN KAHN'S 1962 book *Thinking about the Unthinkable*, a mass-market reworking of his influential 1960 treatise *On Thermonuclear War*, introduced a generation of horrified Americans to the intricacies of modern nuclear strategy: counterforce and countervalue, the escalation ladder, the gruesome hypothetical scenario. ("The Soviets destroy five capital cities in Western Europe—London, Paris, Rome, Stockholm, and Bonn—just to show that they can get away with it.") Mr. Kahn subsequently spent the next two decades thinking about such far more thinkable subjects as Kondratieff cycles and the Japanese economy, but nuclear war remained on his formidable mind; at length, provoked by simpleminded exercises in nuclear popularization like Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth*, he returned to *Thinking about the Unthinkable* and started to rewrite it for a new generation. Kahn's sudden death in 1983 prevented him from finishing *Thinking about the Unthinkable in the 1980s*, but his editor was able to put the almost-completed manuscript into a publishable state; the present volume, with its slightly untidy, loose-ended air, is the result. Not surprisingly, Mr. Kahn's thesis remains unchanged: "While almost no one would take the position that thermonuclear weapons are 'just another' advance in the technology of warfare, it is important to realize that these weapons, like others, may be fired . . . wars can still be fought, terminated, and survived. Some countries will win a nuclear conflict and others will lose, and it is even possible that some nuclear wars may ultimately have positive results. Reconstruction will begin, life will continue, and most survivors will not envy the dead." What *has* changed—Jonathan Schell & Co. notwithstanding—is the level of sophistication of people today who will read about nuclear strategy, so much so that many will find the new *Thinking about the Unthinkable* too simplistic to be stimulating. As a basic primer on the way in which conservative defense analysts look at the prospect of nuclear war, *Thinking about the Unthinkable in the 1980s* definitely has its uses; as a contribution to the current policy debate, it is likely to seem a little bit thin.

TERRY TEACHOUT

Why are the Liberals AFRAID OF THIS MAN?

While most liberals are content to just talk about the world's major problems, Scott Gardner has gone ahead and solved them, in the true conservative tradition. His book, "STOP ME BEFORE I WRITE MORE," shows how to eliminate poverty, cure cold feet in bed, wipe out political corruption; lick inflation, get rid of roaches, and solve the energy crisis; all without increasing taxes.

In the process of solving these problems and many others, Gardner takes on and demolishes the Welfare State, NASA, Big Government, the Arabs, the Russians, Wall Street, the Publishing Business, the Human Potential Movement, and just about everyone else, himself included.

Livid with rage, one of the largest publishers in the country threatened to sue Gardner for two million dollars. New York City slapped a consumer protection violation on his book—sight unseen. And a New York financial weekly tried to besmirch his reputation with a defamatory article. But nothing can stop Gardner. "STOP ME BEFORE I WRITE MORE" is well on its way to becoming the Conservative underground best-seller. Order your copy today and see why.

Warning: Do not read this book if it hurts when you laugh, if you have just had bypass surgery, or if you voted for Walter Mondale. All others are advised to read no more than one chapter a day.

DRAYDEL PRESS—Department NR-5
36 West 56th Street New York, NY 10019

Please send ___ copies of STOP ME BEFORE I WRITE MORE @ $6.95 ea. for paperback, $14.95 cloth. I will add $1.00 postage. If I wish, I may return book in 14 days for refund plus postage.

Name_____

Address_____

City & State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE JUNK THOUGHT

NEW YORK, NOV. 11

GRANTED THAT any full-page ad addressed to "General Secretary Gorbachev" that urges on him anything less than that he resign and go to a monastery misses the point. But after all, there were people in the late Thirties who addressed tearful full-page ads to "Neville Chamberlain and Adolf Hitler," and no doubt it will continue to be so. I.e., there will be those who believe that Gorbachev is influenced by a full-page ad that appears in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post.*

In fact, the ad that ran last Sunday under the heading "End All Nuclear Explosions" is really directed at Ronald Reagan. Or, more accurately, at the American people. It is an ad that asks that we concern ourselves over the "growing risk of nuclear war" by declaring a "mutual moratorium on nuclear explosions effective" January 1, 1986, or sooner.

Now, the sloppy thought revealed in the language here quoted doesn't surprise, coming from certain people who tend to think non-rigorously. The splashy ad is signed by more than one hundred people who classify themselves as "distinguished Americans." And of course a lot of them are exactly that, but distinction in another field does not necessarily bring distinction in statesmanship. We are familiar with the awful performance of so many scientists who specialize in documenting their gullibility. "Scientists are people who first build the Brooklyn Bridge and then buy it," the late Willi Schlamm generalized.

So that one isn't surprised to see the name of Paul Newman, who is a fine actor; or Jesse Jackson, who is a fine orator; or Richard Barnet, who can find a pro-Soviet pin in a haystack; or George McGovern, who mourns the foreign policy of Henry Wallace; or Carl Sagan, who grows gaunt on perceiving nuclear winter next semester at Cornell.

But what are former Secretaries of Defense Clark Clifford and Robert McNamara doing, signing that silly ad? Or Townsend Hoopes, who has studied nuclear statesmanship? Or Jimmy Carter, who was Commander-in-Chief? Or, for heaven's sake, a straight thinker like Ted Turner?

Robert McNamara surely knows that when he was Secretary of Defense we had bigger and dirtier bombs than we have now—ordered by him. And the reason we now have a vastly reduced inventory of weapons is that we have tested, and retested: in an effort to diminish the holocaustal dimensions of a nuclear arsenal, while maintaining an effective deterrent.

Who says there is a "growing risk of nuclear war"? Why is the risk greater now than yesterday, or the day before? Don't these folk know that it is only because of testing that, for instance, we have been able to compress nuclear weapons to fit into smaller missiles that serve to deter, yet minimize the scale of potential nuclear exchanges? Surely they know that the ongoing search for hydrogen substitutes for nuclear fission leaves us with the desired deterrent, but reduces the risks that attach to radioactivity? Don't they know that twenty years ago we couldn't be sure whether an airplane that crashed to the ground carrying a nuclear weapon might run the risk of a detonation, but that such risks no longer exist—because of testing? That a nuclear weapon falling to the ground at other than the specified speed and angle will not now go off—because of testing? Don't they know that the non-MIRVed, highly touted Midgetman requires testing?

IT IS significant that conspicuously missing from the roster of names was that of James Schlesinger. And there is a story of great point going the rounds. It is that when President Jimmy Carter toyed with the idea of declaring a total moratorium, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, who had served as Defense Secretary and as head of the CIA, spoke very bluntly to the President. It is said that he told him: Unless we periodically test our inventory of weapons, we can't guarantee that they will go off if needed. And any lack of credibility at this level diminishes the only reason for having the bombs in the first place, which is as a deterrent. Jimmy Carter backed off.

But now he is at it again. What these folk are trafficking in is pure superstition. That if you test a weapon, that means you are likelier to use it. Exactly the contrary is the case. But they are haunted by the taste of atomic cinders in their mouths, and the result of it all is an analytical incapacitation that contributes nothing to world peace, a great deal to world insecurity. Because a roster of distinguished Americans capable of such slovenly thought can only encourage the Soviet Union to believe that bourgeois decomposition is in fact definitely in high gear. □

BISHOP TUTU'S DISORDERLY MIND

NEW YORK, NOV. 20

IF I WERE P. W. Botha, which thank God I am not, I would hire the South African secret police to put up huge hidden purses around the world for the purpose of inviting Bishop Tutu to speak against apartheid. There was a golden moment, a couple of months back, when the bishop remonstrated against black violence at the expense of other blacks in South Africa, threatening, if such fratricide continued, to remove himself and his family to the United States to live. But ever since then he has spoken without apparent inhibition, reaching an apogee of rhetorical recklessness last month when he spoke before the United Nations, informing that body that the President of the United States, and also the leaders of Britain and West Germany, were "racists."

If everyone who opposes economic sanctions against South Africa is a racist, then Alan Paton is a racist. And if the author of *Cry, the Beloved Country* is a racist, then we should all seek to be racists, and conscript another word to describe racial invidiousness. What is the matter with Bishop Tutu?

His line of argument is embarrassingly simpleminded: "Certainly the support of this racist policy [South Africa's] is racist," he says.

What is wrong with that generality?

1. To maintain diplomatic relations with a country and to trade with that country is not necessarily to endorse the domestic policies of that country. With whom does the United States trade? With almost every country (there are a few exceptions, historical anomalies like Cuba, North Korea, Vietnam). If Bishop Tutu's iron generality held up, then it could as easily be said about President Reagan that because he deals with Iron Curtain countries he is pro-Communist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. There are men of unimpeachable racial toleration (I have cited Alan Paton) who oppose the imposition of sanctions. Is Chief Buthelezi of the Zulus a racist because he opposes sanctions?

But Bishop Tutu, he now reveals, has been harboring suspicions for a very long while. "I'm supposed now as a Nobel laureate to speak responsibly and all that sort of thing, and I tried to, but I just think we're seeing closet racism coming into the open . . . It is highly unlikely [that Mr. Reagan] would have the same indifference if the casualties had been white." Bishop Tutu's reference here is to seven hundred people killed during the violence of the last year in South Africa. Tutu forgets that only a few weeks ago he was bemoaning the violence being inflicted on blacks by blacks, on Indians by blacks, on blacks by coloreds.

But of course Tutu's point, though morally arresting, is historically groundless. Six million (white) Jews were killed by Hitler in a supreme act of genocide; and yet the war the West finally fought against Hitler was not animated by a desire to save the Jews. The death sentences imposed by Stalin on white kulaks came to ten million. The deaths imposed by Mao during the Great Leap Forward came to 27 million (were we anti-yellow for declining to intervene?), and the per-capita deaths in Cambodia were the highest of the century. Not only did we do nothing about it, we made a great show of doing nothing about it.

ADD TO which this important difference: In these other countries, in our lifetime, people were executed for the sin of being what they were—for being Jewish, in the case of the Nazis; for being small landholders, in the case of Stalin; for being literate, in the case of Cambodia; for being vaguely in the way, in the case of Mao. To say that there is genocide going on in South Africa is to renounce elementary distinctions. Those who are being killed in South Africa are those who are protesting by force civil arrangements that are discriminatory and cruel, yes, but genocidal, no.

Bishop Tutu is especially inflamed because Mr. Reagan, speaking the week before at the United Nations, did not name South Africa as one of the five trouble spots over which he proposed that the Soviet Union and the United States exercise joint responsibility. But of course Mr. Reagan, in speaking of Ethiopia, Angola, Afghanistan, Cambodia, and Nicaragua, was speaking of five areas of the world troubled by the military intervention of the Soviet Union in pursuit of its insatiable appetite to dominate the world.

If Bishop Tutu would allow his disorderly mind to rest for a few moments on what it is that the Soviet Union, operating in Ethiopia through the black monster Mengistu, has done to the Ethiopian people, he might recognize what is the difference between biological deaths from starvation, and the indignities of life in a discriminatory society.

Bishop Tutu cannot advance his own case by discrediting the reasoning of its apostles. □

A QUIET AMERICAN

PORTLAND, ORE., NOV. 18

AT EXACTLY SIX, Joe materialized in the lobby of the hotel. The night before, when he said he would drive me to the airport to catch the 6:50 A.M. flight, I demurred—too early in the morning, I said. No no no, no sweat, he even handed me his business card, writing out his home telephone number on the back of it. Shortly after the alarm woke me, at 5:40, I couldn't resist the temptation to dial the number. Just in case . . . Joe answered the phone. Told me he was on the way out of the door, I mustn't worry.

He was driving a white Mercedes sports car, so I needed to put several of my bags into his back seat. In a matter of seconds we were off, his headlights illuminating the way. He drove with the natural skill of the American who learns to drive when he is about 13. And Joe drove according to protocol: speed limit, plus 10 per cent.

I repeated I was sorry he had had to rise so early. No problem, no problem, he said. "I always get up early. Five o'clock, as a rule."

Of course I asked why, and he replied that he jogged. "Every morning?"

"Pretty much every morning." He paused, and then said that he was going to try out for the Hawaiian Marathon next summer. I said I had heard that it was awfully tough, awfully competitive, didn't it go for 25 miles or something like that? Yes, he said —26 miles, actually. "But I figure at 42 I'd better try now, or else I'm not going to do it ever."

He had listened to my talk the night before and said he was interested in a point I had made about supply-side economics. "I came back from the Army in 1967. Vietnam. I was a platoon leader in the infantry there. When I got back here to Portland, I took a job as a carpenter."

Had he known the trade—carpentry—before the war?

No. He was sort of handy at fixing things, he said, because he had grown up on a farm, with his 12 brothers and sisters. "I figured it this way, when I got out of the Army, that I was worth $20 an hour. But all they paid me at the construction company where I went to work was $2.50 per hour. So I figured I would have to earn the equivalent of $17.50 per hour more by picking things up. I got to work early, left late, studied the blueprints, figured out how blueprints corresponded with the work done, and after about a year I started my own construction company. It was tough, but after Vietnam, where I got shot at just about every day, everything was . . ."

"Absorbable?"

"Yes. Absorbable."

After a few years, he said, he was doing well. Very, very well. But, he said, he thought he saw It coming. High interest rates, discouraged house builders. "So I figured I'd sell my business, and I did, that was in 1978. Sold it just about in time."

Well, what did he do then? "I figured I had a lot to learn about America, so I took a year or so and drove around the country. Learned a lot. A whole lot. And then one day somebody asked me to play wallyball, and I swear, I just fell in love with the game."

WALLYBALL COURTS, he explained, require the right kind of composition, so that the balls will bounce as they should, and he pondered existing procedures for building those walls and figured they were pretty old-fashioned. So he sat down and figure out a way to piece together little squares or diamonds or whatever that at far lower cost bring about the desired effect. "It's great. So now I manufacture the insides of wallyball courts. As a matter of fact, most of my work is in some way exercise-oriented these days. I guess that's where I got the idea of jogging, and keeping fit."

"You must feel wonderful, doing all that physical work. How many hours a day do you run?"

Two hours. Did he use a Walkman? He smiled, true pleasure on his face brightened by the headlights coming the other way. "I certainly do. It keeps my mind occupied."

He likes it in Portland. "But you know, Oregon is a bad state to do business in. They're always finding something to put in your way. Take Harry Merlo"—the host the evening before, a lumber tycoon. "He's the biggest asset Portland's got. All his mills are out of state, but he stays here just because he's loyal to Oregon." Joe said he too intended to stay.

I asked if the airport was as frequently socked in by early-morning fog as I had heard and he said yes, but if it was that bad, that morning, he would simply drive me on to Seattle for my connection. "Nothing to it, 150 miles, that's all. What are your favorite books?" he asked me. I told him I liked this & that.

"You know who I like to read?" he said. "I like to read Emerson. Ralph Waldo Emerson. I read him every six months."

Ralph Waldo Emerson would be pleased if he knew Joe Hollman was reading him. We arrived at the airport, and I felt like Antaeus. I had just touched earth, and it's a fine feeling. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Situations Wanted

CONSERVATIVE CRITICAL SCHOLAR/teacher/writer, Ph.D. philosophy (Boston University), seeks affiliation with conservative university, private or military school, think-tank. Extremely versatile abilities in research, writing, management. Background in philosophy, Greek, German, history, music, organizing. Resume, references. Write NR Box 4156.

CONSERVATIVE, M.Sc. (almost Ph.D.), mathematical physics (educated in France), with plenty of teaching experience (physics, maths) in colleges and preparatory schools (International Baccalaureate) in U.S. and abroad, seeks teaching position in school/college where disrespect for Marxism is tolerated. Write NR Box 4197.

Wanted

QUIET, LEGALLY BLIND MAN seeks cheap room in NYC area. 718-843-5853.

Services

PRIVATE DETECTIVE. Investigations and case preparation. Estates, liability, malpractice, criminal, matrimonial, witness location, prevention, security. Fully licensed and bonded. New York and San Francisco. David Barrett and Associates, 212-777-7258.

SPECIAL, COVERT, or high-risk operation? Recoveries or remote-site problems? Singleton or team: competent, discreet, skilled. P.O. Box 3571, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93130.

Literary

WORLD WAR II—50 Years Ago Today. Monthly newsletter brings you historical facts, personal glimpses. First issue, March 1986, covers March 1936. 12 issues for $10. Send check or money order to *World War II—50 Years Ago Today*, Box 15623, Richmond, Va. 23227.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. Invitations to personal relationships must specify at least 3 interests. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Frequency discounts: 4 times, 90¢ per word; 6 times, 85¢ per word; 8 times or more, 80¢ per word. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 35 days before cover date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

ANGLICAN ANSWERS: 23 Fundamentalist questions answered by an Anglo-Catholic priest. $3. Father Frank Hawkins, 527 West Pima Street, Phoenix, Ariz. 85003.

RELIGION WATCH—an informative newsletter-digest reporting on trends in religion. Send $1 for sample copy. Box 652, North Bellmore, N.Y. 11710.

MYSTERY-DETECTIVE BOOKSEARCH, Box 15460, Orlando, Fla. 32858-5460. Locate any book. Send $4 for catalogues.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P.O. Box 1324NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRU, 11 West 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Real Estate

FOR SALE: 1,100-acre North Carolina farm. Stately, 6-bedroom residence is complete with large guest house for gracious living. Lovely setting. Top-quality farmland. Sportsman's paradise. Reply with name, address, and telephone number to NR Box 4196.

Vacation

SKI CRESTED BUTTE, COLORADO. Uncommonly reliable snowfall plus 145 acres of snowmaking. Walk to lifts or free shuttle. Beautiful condominium. Fantastic restaurants. Direct flights from Dallas, L.A., Chicago, and Houston to Gunnison County. Special seasonal rates: 7 nights, $525. Write: Snow Castle, 134 Greenwood, Topeka, Kan. 66606. Call 913-235-5010.

SKI UTAH POWDER: Luxury 3-bedroom Deer Valley condominium, sleeps 6 to 8. Thoughtfully appointed for extremely comfortable stay. Be pampered! Write for details: J. W. Smith, 9422 Mayberry Street, Omaha, Neb. 68114. 402-391-0546.

For Sale

WITH THIS SECURITY SYSTEM, breaking your windows may be burglar's only entrance into your vehicle. Send $5.50 for plans. A&A Enterprise, P.O. Box 6818, Biloxi, Miss. 39532.

CHESS-GAMBIT. Your board and pieces. 27 cards and instruction sheet. Lets you play your own game but adds an element of chance. Send $9.95 check or money order to Gambetto, Ltd., P.O. Box 5935, Chicago, Ill. 60680-5935. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Illinois residents add 8% sales tax.

SMALL (4" × 4"), abstract, handmade glass tall ships. $8; two for $12. G. M. Healy. Write NR Box 4181.

1916-1984 COMPLETE *National Rifleman*. Gunmaker's tools, books, stocks, parts, scopes, reloading materials, plus old and new precision-made guns. (Deceased husband's hobby.) Also, antique record collection. Write NR Box 4190.

2½" REAGAN IN 1984 button. Picture 3 color in front of flag—$3. Reagan inauguration 1981 cover, $3. Also, conservative buttons. Write NR Box 4189.

STEAM-ENGINE LITHOGRAPH. Fantastic detail! 16" × 17½". $25 includes shipping. Satisfaction guaranteed. Baker, 11001 Buckskin, Peoria, Ill. 61615.

Gourmet

WILD RICE. Order now for the holidays. For your dining pleasure, or as a gift for friends, relatives, or business associates. 1 lb., $8.50; 2 lbs., $14.95; 5 lbs., $35.95; 10 lbs., $69, postpaid. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Route 2, Box 358A, Aitkin, Minn. 56431.

Educational Opportunities

CATHOLIC LIBERAL EDUCATION. Thomas Aquinas College offers serious intellectual discipline and a close-knit community of students and teachers. Classics from Aristotle to Einstein replace textbooks; classroom discussions replace lectures; elective system replaced by an integrated, comprehensive study of mathematics, experimental science, language, music, history, literature, philosophy, and theology. Classes do not exceed 20 students. Financial-aid program. Applications from students with previous college studies encouraged. Endorsed by M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, Malcolm Muggeridge. Accredited by Western Association of Schools and Colleges. For information write to: Director of Admissions-NR, Thomas Aquinas College, 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, Calif. 93060; or call 805-525-4417.

BECOME AN AUCTIONEER at American Auction College. Endorsed by Colonel Joe Reisch. Free catalogue. Box 1069, Dept. E-1, Mason City, Iowa 50401. 515-424-1148.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

WILLIAM SAFIRE:

So Much Hot Air

The United States' position on international terrorism has just turned to mush. All of George Shultz's fine oratory about "the ethics of power" in striking back at vipers' nests that can be shown to be the source of hostage-taking and murder stands revealed as so much hot air.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WANT TO CHANGE the world? Gain analytical and citizen-advocacy skills, policy expertise, and practical experience for social change in a small, unique, Boston-based M.A. program: Public Policy and Citizen Participation, Tufts University, Medford, Mass. 02155.

Employment Opportunities

FULL-TIME clerical position open in *NR* Research Dept. Duties include filing, clipping newspapers, light typing. Write NR Box 4188.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

ACTIVE MAN, young 46, non-smoker, seeks woman who loves sailing as much as he does. Reply, photo. P.O. Box 29109, Queens Village, N.Y. 11429.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, man, 27, 6'1", Ph.D. engineer. Introverted, non-materialistic, ambitious; enjoy bicycling, movies, free-market economics. Seek female friend, empathetic, athletic, similar age, with some common interests. Write NR Box 4195.

COLORADO LADY with traditional values and freedom to enjoy her 50s. Wishes to share the fun years with a gentleman of integrity, humor, and romantic spirit. Interests: literature, theater, travel. Write NR Box 4194.

SLENDER CONSERVATIVE Southeastern lady, 50, interested in landscaping, spectator sports, reading, games; seeks charming, older, secure gentleman to share love, devotion, friendship, absolute honesty, kindness. Write NR Box 4192.

EASYGOING WASP SPORTSMAN, 63, sane, solvent, sober, non-smoker, now residing in Italy, soon to retire to West Coast, seeks gracious educated lady of similar tastes. Enjoy golf, swimming, quiet dinner conversation, reading, and music of the big-band era. Perhaps there may be another with grown children, seeking companionship. Write NR Box 4183.

EYE-CATCHING NYC-AREA professional unencumbered Catholic divorcee, 5'8", 33, M.A., seeks attractive, non-neurotic, non-smoking, taller professional gentleman to share the arts, movies, travel, and romantic adventures. Write NR Box 4193.

CHRISTIAN MALE, 30. Runs, dances, loves walking, talking, politics, sports, and children. Seeks *intelligent, life-loving woman* to share interests. Write NR Box 4191.

SINGLE COLLEGE GRADS/PROFESSIONALS: correspond nationwide with penfriends who share your interests and values. Enclose stamp to Sheltering Tree, P.O. Box 61310, Seattle, Wash. 98121.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured single, widowed, or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970—3,000 members. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. 215-358-5049.

SAN FRANCISCO PROFESSIONAL, Catholic, 36, considered handsome, 6', devoted to traditional Catholic theology, pro-life politics, and free-market economics. Seeks slender, placid, non-smoking, never married, and staunchly Catholic young lady. Interests: swimming, reading, chess. Penfriends welcome. Write NR Box 4172.

ARE YOU A SINGLE male WASP, 28–33, living independently in the Windy City? Do you like *Casablanca*, *NR*, and the symphony; dancing occasionally until three? Can you swimbiketennisjogski? Then maybe you're the one for me—a virtuous, vivacious, versatile 28-year-old female. Write NR Box 4171.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE. Friendly correspondence. Box 126, Station A, Scarborough, Ontario M1K 2W6, Canada.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Miscellaneous

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. For your personal report, forward a lengthy sample and $12 to Mary McMorrow, 8310 Spicebush Trail, Liverpool, N.Y. 13090.

HUNDREDS OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT books. Over 20 topics. $1 (refundable) for listing. Harcom Enterprises, Dept. 42A, 53 Sherman Street, Patchogue, N.Y. 11772.

NEW CHURCH BEGINNING. North Tampa, Florida. Pastor reads *NR*. Inquire 813-949-8523.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. For personal report send sample, age, and $25 to Alice Charlesworth, Box 41, Forest Park, Dayton, Ohio 45405.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, 3A, New York, N.Y. 10016.

FREE BROWN SCAPULAR and explanation of its benefits to those who wear it, as told by the Mother of God. Send S.A.S.E. to Box 3057, Casper, Wyo. 82602.

AFGHANISTAN—Since 1980 the Afghanistan Relief Committee has been sending medical aid, food, and support for schools to villagers *inside* Afghanistan. ARC is the primary U.S. support source for *Médecins sans Frontières* and others who risk their lives to bring in help. For more information, write to: Afghanistan Relief Committee, Suite 4100, 345 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10154.

BEETHOVEN. Join the Friends of Beethoven in America, support organization for the Ira F. Brilliant Center for Beethoven Studies—the only center in North America devoted exclusively to Beethoven—San Jose State University, San Jose, Calif. 95192-0028.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC FORUM is an organization sponsoring lectures, discussion groups, short courses, spiritual talks, etc. for young Catholic adults in NYC area. For information call 718-468-2815 or write NYCF, 86 Riverside Drive, Dept. A, New York, N.Y. 10024.

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

- ☐ New subscription
- ☐ Renewal
- ☐ Payment enclosed
- ☐ Bill me

Initial here _____

- ☐ 1 year $34.00 (U.S.A.)
- ☐ 1 year $45.50, U.S. currency (Canada and all other foreign)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAIL TO: National Review, Readers Service, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: $1.00 per word $2.25 for NR box number

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Pay for two ads—get a third ad FREE. Advance payment (minimum 2 ads)

Enclosed $ _____
Mail to:
Classified Director
National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

AD COPY:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. This society meets in Chicago!
111 98 122 197 35 52 5 182 16 155
171 78

B. Erstwhile baby grand
135 59 34 116 4 81 180 190 17 194
144

C. British ship lost in the Falklands war
157 82 107 201 166 69 48 56 130 10

D. English seaport —but you wouldn't want to swim in it!
24 102 159 198 176 115 8 85 140

E. More accurate term for many social programs
33 209 141 67 184 101 23 124

F. Make amends
118 99 58 30 177 77 151

G. Subordinate
28 75 128 63 47 192 173 163 100

H. Extinct species of elephant
26 106 36 206 202 123 7

I. Stately
41 131 93 108 61 200 79 22

J. English seaport —where children should cover their ears!
9 208 112 137 160 39 167 66

K. Terrorist target (2 words)
181 29 89 165 18 103 127 174 205 60
38 3

L. Lifeblood of the rubber plant
199 2 46 126 146 53 27 14 68 104
80

M. "Crisis" of the pop psychologist
145 40 62 121 178 25 88 185

N. Guilty of carelessness
172 76 50 150 179 210 15 203 119

O. Paratrooper's favorite redskin
83 57 158 187 74 132 37 114

P. Soweto, et al.
84 153 6 49 186 105 21 129 164

Q. Pyromaniac's practical joke
168 87 189 64 31 117 152

R. Properties
169 96 134 109 1 156 54

S. Escape from Mother Russia
183 142 32 113 204 13

T. Diminutive (suffix)
196 97 65 162

U. Adorned
170 195 143 20 94 45 133 191 86

V. Capabilities allowing different computer systems to communicate
19 71 161 147 92 188 42 175 136 212

W. Selected
148 44 70 138 90 211

X. Consequential
73 110 207 55 193 149 11 43 125

Y. These were a form of international extortion
72 12 91 95 120 154 139 51

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 R	2 L	3 K	4 B	5 A		6 P	7 H	8 D		9 J	10 C	11 X	12 Y		13 S	14 L	15 N		16 A
17 B	18 K	19 V	20 U	21 P	22 I	23 E	24 D		25 M	26 H	27 L	28 G	29 K	30 F		31 Q	32 S		33 E
34 B	35 A	36 H	37 O	38 K	39 J	40 M	41 I	42 V	43 X	44 W	45 U	46 L	47 G	48 C	49 P	50 N	51 Y		52 A
53 L		54 R	55 X		56 C	57 O	58 F	59 B	60 K	61 I	62 M		63 G	64 Q		65 T	66 J	67 E	68 L
	69 C	70 W	71 V	72 Y	73 X	74 O	75 G	76 N		77 F	78 A	79 I	80 L	81 B	82 C	83 O		84 P	85 D
	86 U	87 Q		88 M	89 K	90 W	91 Y	92 V		93 I	94 U	95 Y	96 R		97 T	98 A	99 F	100G	
101E	102D	103K	104L		105P	106H	107C	108I		109R	110X	111A	112J	113S		114O	115D	116B	117Q
118F	119N	120Y	121M	122A	123H	124E		125X	126L		127K	128G	129P	130C	131I	132O	133U		134R
135B	136V	137J	138W	139Y	140D	141E	142S	143U		144B	145M	146L	147V	148W	149X	150N	151F		152Q
153P		154Y	155A	156R	157C	158O		159D	160J	161V	162T	163G	164P		165K	166C		167J	168Q
169R		170U	171A	172N	173G	174K		175V	176D	177F	178M	179N	180B	181K	182A		183S	184E	185M
186P		187O	188V		189Q	190B	191U	192G	193X		194B	195U	196T	197A	198D	199L	200I	201C	202H
203N		204S	205K	206H	207X	208J	209E	210N	211W	212V									

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE

VISA® DAMASK

Visa fabrics by Milliken.
Elegance plus natural touch
plus performance.
With exceptional pattern and
color retention. With superior
stain release, brightness,
durability, foldability.
With the best of everything
in quality, support, service.
*Visa of Dacron.**
America's Freedom Fabric.

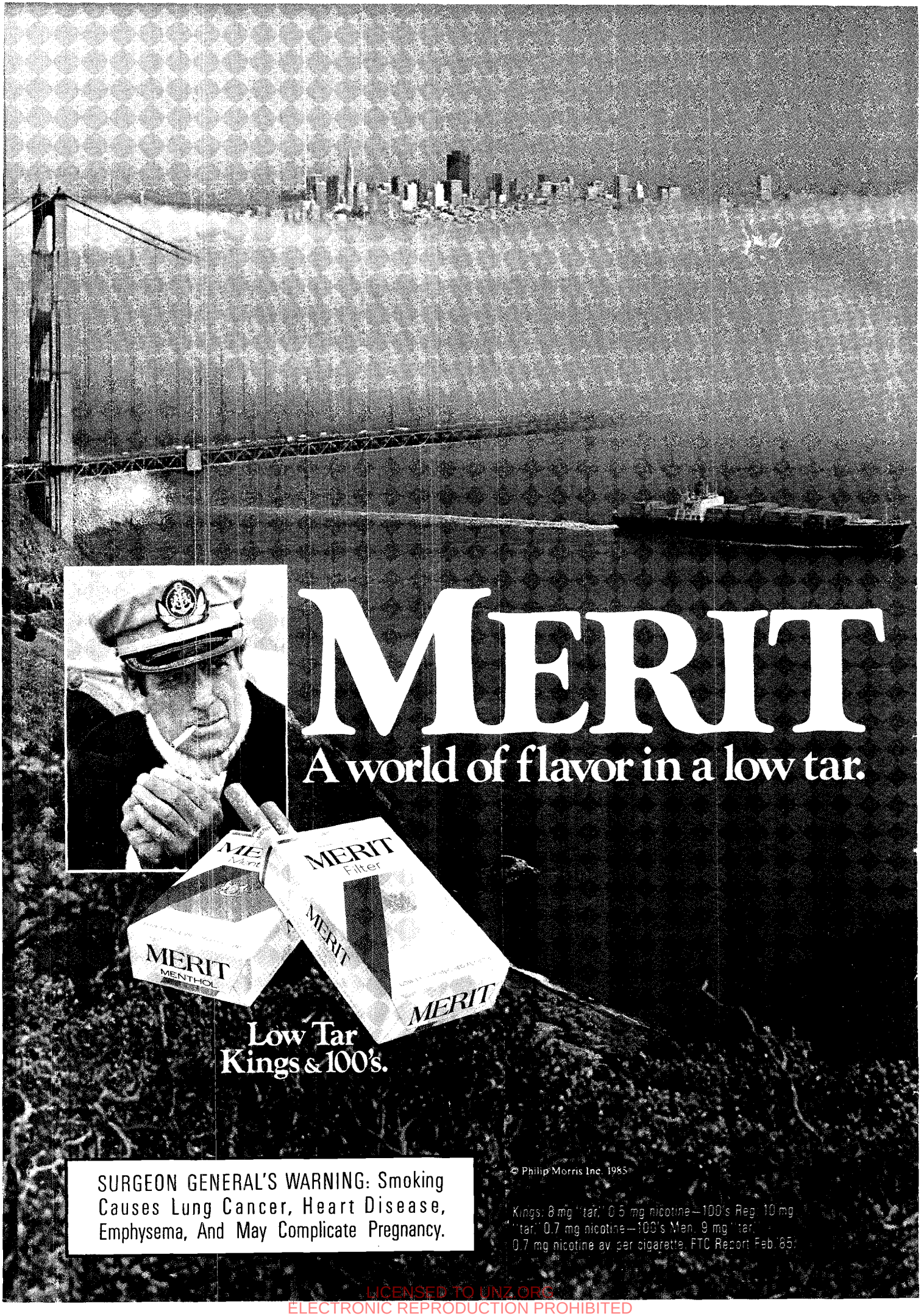
America's Freedom Fabric
VISA
BY MILLIKEN
America's Freedom Fabric

DACRON® DUPONT POLYESTER

CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.

®Visa is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics.
**Dacron is a Du Pont registered trademark.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1985

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men. 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 85.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED